VOL. CCXII, No. 2762

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THE SPHERE, JANUARY 17, 1953
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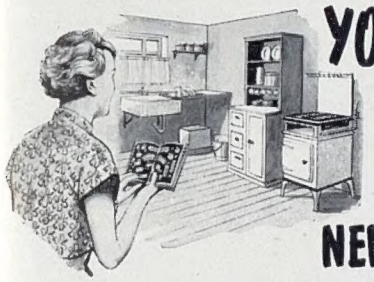

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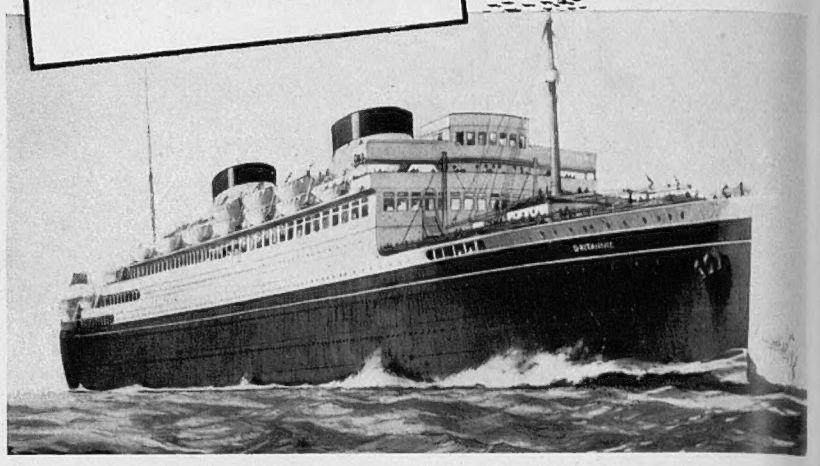

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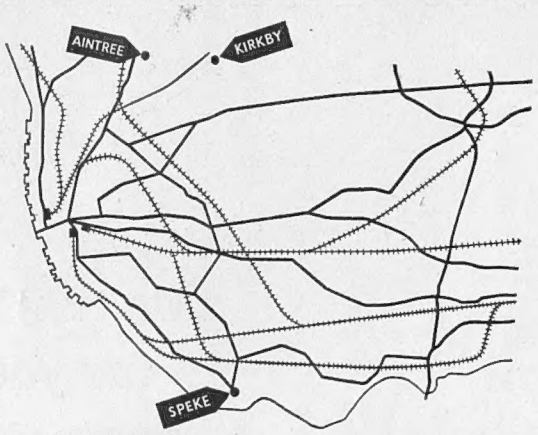

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Volume CCXII No. 2762 The SPHERE, London, January 17, 1953

The SPHERE
with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE EDINBURGH WEDDING—THE EARL OF DALKEITH, SON OF THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH AND QUEENSBERRY, LEAVING ST. GILES' CATHEDRAL WITH HIS BRIDE, THE FORMER MISS JANE McNEILL, AFTER THEIR WEDDING IN THE PRESENCE OF THE QUEEN : There were 1,600 guests at the wedding. The service was the first to be held in St. Giles' in the Episcopalian form since the building ceased (in the seventeenth century) to be the Cathedral of the Episcopal Church in Edinburgh.

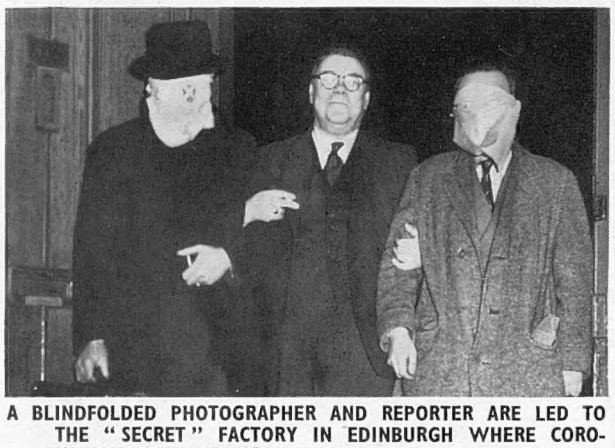
Not since the days of Mary Queen of Scots had a Sovereign attended a wedding in St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, until last Saturday, when the Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, went to the Cathedral for the marriage of the Earl of Dalkeith to Miss Jane McNeill, daughter of Mr. John McNeill, Q.C., and Mrs. McNeill, of Appin, Argyllshire. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a magnificent gown of white lace embroidered by silver thread, the train being cut in one with the crinoline skirt. To be present at the ceremony the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, and Princess Margaret travelled just over 370 miles from Sandringham, the Royal train arriving in Edinburgh exactly on schedule at 2.45, fifteen minutes before the service started in the Cathedral. A crowd estimated at 50,000 gathered to see the Royal guests and the bride and bridegroom. (See also pages 76–77 of this issue.)

Postage—Inland, 2d. ; Canada, 1½d. ; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

MR. BILLY WALLACE ACTS AS BEST MAN

THE WEDDING OF THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S DAUGHTER: The Hon. Matthew White Ridley (right), elder son of Viscount and Viscountess Ridley of Blagdon, Seaton Burn, Northumberland, seen on his way to Durham Cathedral for his marriage with Lady Anne Lumley, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Scarbrough. On the left is Mr. Billy Wallace, who acted as best man. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a gown of white velvet, with long sleeves and a full stiffened skirt. She was attended by six bridesmaids. The Dean of Durham officiated and the reception was held at Lumley Castle.

A "SECRET" SCOTTISH COVENANT STORY



A BLINDFOLDED PHOTOGRAPHER AND REPORTER ARE LED TO THE "SECRET" FACTORY IN EDINBURGH WHERE CORONATION SOUVENIRS ARE BEING PRODUCED: The secrecy is due to the fact that in accordance with the decision of the Covenant Association, the souvenirs bear the words "Elizabeth I." In the United Kingdom the correct style should be "Elizabeth II." Mr. William Bowle, an Edinburgh Covenantor, has said that if there is any interference from the authorities the production of wool and silk scarves would continue at the "secret" factory. The Covenantors hope to "flood" Scotland with "Elizabeth I" souvenirs and also to distribute them widely in England.

FULL DRESS FOR A "MILITARY" FAMILY

"ON PARADE" IN ST. JOHN'S WOOD, LONDON: Thirteen-year-old David Coppin (centre), in the full-dress uniform of a Major of the Royal Horse Artillery, seen with Nicholas Coppin, six, dressed as a gunner of the R.H.A., and their sister Amanda, five, dressed as an officer in the Women's Royal Naval Service. David's hobbies include the study of British military uniforms and the making of model soldiers complete with uniforms correct in every detail. Last week it was arranged that he should appear in the children's television programme, "All Your Own."

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *for dispatch to addresses at home and overseas can be sent direct to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.*2. *The rates for* 12 *months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire are* £5 16*s.* 6*d.*; 6 *months and Christmas Number,* £3; 6 *months without Christmas Number,* £2 16*s.* 6*d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are* £5 14*s.*, £2 19*s. and* £2 15*s.*; *and for elsewhere Overseas* £5 18*s.* 6*d.*, £3 1*s.* 3*d. and* £2 17*s.* 6*d. Terms include postage.*

This year—Coronation Year—all postal subscribers will receive the two Coronation Double Numbers at no extra cost.

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Mr. Churchill's Holiday.—Mr. Churchill's visits in America are now over and his holiday in Jamaica half over also. His voyage out was occasionally stormy, but he is used to storms and his name sometimes attracts storms. One such was raging in the T.U.C. area during his voyage, precipitated by what seemed to many of us, who are not party- or class-partisans, a really graceful message of goodwill sent him by Mr. Tom O'Brien, which I confess warmed my heart and gave me comfort and a renewed belief in our national virtues of fair-mindedness. But little minds can create great mischief, and a lump of mud can dirty a limpid pond, both here and in America. No doubt Mr. Churchill, preoccupied with his great mission, regretted this mud-stirring, but he had compensating evidences of goodwill on the other side of the Atlantic. For one thing, the "resident" immigration inspector in the *Queen Mary*, while screening Mr. Churchill's party, forebore to question *him* on his pro-Communist tendencies, though only on the grounds that Mr. Churchill was too busy. Another gesture—by the President-elect—must have warmed the Premier's heart; his generous endorsement of the plan to honour the memory of our late King. When men of large mind and heart meet, they may not always make big decisions, but they usually exchange big ideas, and, at any rate, rule out narrow and petty interests. It may be long before we measure the harvest of Mr. Churchill's discussions in America, but we may be sure that neither he nor General Eisenhower wasted time in chasing minnows with little lumps of mud.

Elizabethan Baronets.—Old men are generally allowed to enjoy an individual "hate" or two; a "King Charles's head," a bee in a bonnet. You, I am sure, have yours; I have mine. And baronets are one of them. I had hoped (against hope) that Elizabethan baronets would be like snakes in Ireland, a contradiction in terms. There were none in the reign of Elizabeth I. Baronets were a financial device of James I (1611). There would have been nothing silly or inappropriate about baronets in the sixteenth century. There are very strong arguments against them in the twentieth. The Socialists rightly set their face against them, making an exception for tradition's sake of the Lord Mayor of London. But not so the Tories. There may still be a bare excuse for continuing the creation of hereditary peers—on the score of recruiting the Upper House until it is reformed or adjusted to rationalism by Lord Simon's Life Peerage Bill. But for continuing hereditary knights I can see literally no reasonable argument in our democratic way of life. Why should an unproved man inherit a title, merely because he was the son of his father, his title carrying with it no obligation or responsibility whatever in the making of laws? If, indeed, we are genuine in our modern democratic beliefs, this baronet business is surely a ridiculous proof of our hypocrisy. But *Dis aliter visum*—the Tories continue to recommend the absurdity to the fountain of honour, and Elizabethan baronets are a new phenomenon. Back to Methuselah.

Vanishing Acres.—The statisticians, who can "prove anything," are just now making our flesh creep with the not distant prospect of world starvation, if the Far East does not very soon grow more Malthusian. And we have the same urgent and dire prospect at home in the matter of housing, where new housing estates filch farming land. To the easy argument that the new gardens on the estate will increase supplies of vegetables and eggs, and even of rabbits and pigs, the sterner answer opposed is to the effect that milk and beef are the vital needs of our teeming island, and that for every 50 acres of cultivated farmland filched for housing, 900 people lose their milk ration and 1,000 their meat ration . . . for ever! Those figures certainly are staggering and *I* cannot pick holes in them. All I can say with certainty is that the bulk of "substitutes" for milk and beef in terms of cabbages and tame rabbits would certainly not make up for the loss in vital feeding stuffs from the farmland. Wherever you travel to-day in England you see these new estates rising in country districts on the fringe of villages and farmland, and it is obvious that the majority of them, if not built to tally on land that was cultivated, have at least shaved off some cultivated land. I wonder if the statisticians can give us the number of acres of cultivated land lost in the housing drive since 1945. Even I could ascertain, then, the number of people who in those eight years have lost their meat and milk ration . . . for ever.

Centenaries.—The "centenaries" of 1953 (up to octo-centenaries) make curious reading. They give the impression that peculiar research was necessary to secure an adequate supply. The R.'s, for instance: Cecil Rhodes, Rabelais (1553), George Russell (who wrote little collections and recollections of social-political chit-chat), Roscoe, Ridgeway, Renaudot—I challenge you to write the schoolboy's "three lines" about four out of the six. Throw in the Duke of Albany, Lemaître, Cottle, Wilkinson, Herbert Warren, George Beaumont, Hannay and Bazin—and you may conclude that centenary fame is either easily won or harvested with difficulty. The list might, indeed, be reduced to keep the centenary level of fame a little higher. Rhodes, Charles Gore, Edward VI (as a monarch), Rabelais, Henry of Navarre, Herbert Tree—well and good; and Bradshaw of the *Railway Guide* may be thrown in to make an excellent excuse for a railway centenary. But who are some of the rest about whom to make a centenary song or dance? I confess I see no profit or virtue in pausing to remember a bunch of second-class novelists, journalists, booksellers, inventors and collectors drawn from the nations of the world. I would almost rather praise the living to their faces. The centenary business should be kept strict.

Pity the Art Critic.—If you have tears for struggling humanity, prepare to shed them now once more for those who were hoodwinked by that wicked Van Meegeren, who turned out Vermeers by the dozen and beat the Master at his own game, and the critics at theirs. For Van Meegeren's ghost is walking again, and some of those critics have recanted and are now sure that two at least of Van Meegeren's forgeries are authentic Vermeers, worthy to hang beside *The View of Delft* in the Maritzhuis or in any other Vermeer company. All critics of the Arts and Literature deserve our pity. Their job requires that they should be absolutely certain and always right, but they are human, like you and me, and are for ever anxious about their own reputations. So indeed are politicians; but whereas art critics must be clear and unequivocal, politicians can be vague and Delphic. As for literary critics to-day, some of them are past praying for and past crying for. They have mostly joined the publishers in turning out blurb and scratching backs. But the art critics still demand our prayers, as they did when they "skied the Gainsboroughs to hang the Winterhalters" on the line, as they did in the *Bode* affair, as they always do and will. It is cruelly hard on a pundit to be compelled to answer a plain question with a plain "yes" or "no," and I think that requirement is almost exclusively

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT AT THE V. & A. MUSEUM

A LITTLE SHRINE FOR USE IN A PRIVATE ORATORY IS GIVEN TO THE DEPARTMENT OF METALWORK: This shrine of ebony and silver, and which bears the marks of Augsburg and of the silversmith Georg Hollthaler (d. 1593), was one of forty-six gifts presented to the Victoria and Albert museum from the collections of Dr. W. L. Hildburgh. Few examples of the work of Hollthaler are known, but he was clearly a first-class sculptor as is shown by the group of Our Lady of Pity with the body of the crucified Christ. All the other items comprising the gift are domestic pieces, the largest and most important group being composed of German silversmiths' work of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries

placed on art critics. Certainly doctors and politicians manage to evade it. They have perfected the art of sitting on the fence. But the art critic must be *definitively* right every time. And too often he isn't.

Of the Making of Many Books.—Though publishing is "in the doldrums," TV. ousting reading as a home recreation, paper in short supply and printers and binders for ever asking for more, it seems that 1952 reached an all-time record in book production—18,750 "titles," to be reasonably precise. Of these about 5,500 were reprints or new editions. Fiction was up by 300. Religious, children's and educational books were handsomely "up." Art, travel and guide-books were down. Exports began to show happy increases towards the end of the year. Such was the result of a year which was expected to be critical in the book trade. This year, you may be sure, whatever the results, books on the Coronation and the Royal family will play their part in maintaining the publication boost. Fiction, of course, in 1952 did not provide an all-time record. In 1937, before TV. and World War Two, the public greedily absorbed 5,000 new novels. Where are those 5,000 now? How many of them are still read, still reprinted? Fifty? But in 1937 not all the 5,000 were given forth to the world as "supreme masterpieces." The publisher's blurb and the critic's back-scratching were still kept in bounds. But in 1952 of the 4,000-odd new novels published, 3,500 were announced as "works of pure [or not so pure] genius." If the critics are right (as usual), in 1962 we shall beat all records, for these 3,500 from 1952 will swell the 1962 publication figures with 3,500 reprints. Let us *wait and see*. We can well afford to do so.

The Living Theatre.—In Doyle's *Rodney Stone*, the schoolboy's first choice in my youth, tipsy Polly Hinton, the play actress, entranced two small boys when she laid aside the brandy bottle and showed them what acting could be, as she declaimed a tragic speech from *Pizarro* and then turned to convulse them as Priscilla Tomboy in *The Romp*. Donald Wolfit, very respectable in City clothes, did precisely the same last week before an audience of modern schoolboys, choosing the dagger scene from *Macbeth*. He was out to prove some cherished beliefs and he succeeded with his boys and girls. I wish I had been there, to be easily convinced. What he was out to prove was that the stage is the proper place for acting; the studio and the set are not. He dismissed "acting" in radio, films and television as a contradiction in terms. In radio the performer was required to read his lines with an eye on a green lamp and one on a slick producer. In films, the star rose to the heights not by experience, but by the possession of a come-hither eye and a mobile eyebrow. In television, the actor was required only to have the temperament to conquer his aversion to an audience of bored technicians and to speak his lines to drown the clicks and whirrings of cameras. Certainly Mr. Wolfit was trenchant, but, for my part, I criticise him only for using a steam-roller to crush a few butterflies. For I agree with every word he said. But the butterflies of filmland, the deities of our modern religion, will be flabbergasted by his sacrilege. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. One good piece of acting in the proper place outlives in vivid memory two years' non-stop experience of "substitutes" on screens and on the air.

Coney for Ermine.—A precedent set by Queen Anne and maintained until now has, by economic circumstance, perforce been ended. Coney and velveteen may be substituted for ermine and velvet in the Coronation robes of the peers who are unlucky in the inheritance of robes of the right stuff but lucky in the ballot for inside seats. Robes displayed on dummies or models always suggest to me Tussaud's or the waxworks in the Abbey, and perhaps coney and velveteen incline to give that effect of dust and moth in the robes that clothe the wax effigies. Some of the new models also remind me of *Alice in Wonderland*. "This style 8s. 6d." It is a dilemma for the hard-worked Earl Marshal. There will be nothing "coney" about the bulk of the arrangements, the pavilions and the approaches, the street decorations, the splendours in the Abbey, the vestments of the chief actors. It almost looks as if economics, and not Commonwealth demands or Democracy, point to the last appearance on the Coronation stage of this estate of the Realm. The waxworks in the Abbey were centuries ago nicknamed "the ragged regiment." It would be tragic if the "chorus of peers" were to let down an otherwise superb production of *Iolanthe*. *Ersatz* robes may make a brave show on the day. But the truth is, I am conscious of, and made unhappy by, the dilemma created in this far-too-early publicity which limelights preparations for the Coronation. In so far as it is a most solemn religious rite of self-dedication to the noblest service, I deplore the daily evidence of dress-fashion plates and of wrangling among the peers. In so far as it is a dollar-earning show, it is not good business to publicise the fact that the stage costumes are to be "done on the cheap."

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE WATCH ON BRITAIN'S SEA LANES

The Story of Britain's Shore-based Lifeboatmen

By UFFA FOX

With Drawings by Montague Dawson

CELEBRATING THE 200TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF THE FOUNDER OF DEBRETT

MEMBERS OF THE UPPER HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT ATTEND THE LUNCHEON AT THE HOUSE OF LORDS: Among the guests were the Earl Marshal, the Duke of Norfolk, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chief Justice, officers of the College of Arms and Lieut.-Colonel E. M. Debrett, the great-great-grandson of John Debrett. A communication from the Queen thanked the Company for a message of homage and greeting. The Duke of Norfolk proposed the toast, "John Debrett and his work," and said that anyone who studied the work must be impressed by the enormous amount of information the volume contained. It was no longer a list of the peerage of the United Kingdom: it was a valuable reference book covering many topics. The Duke also said that if he could not make a long speech his excuse must be that many of the people whose names appeared in the work of the man whom they now remembered required that he should get back to his office quickly.

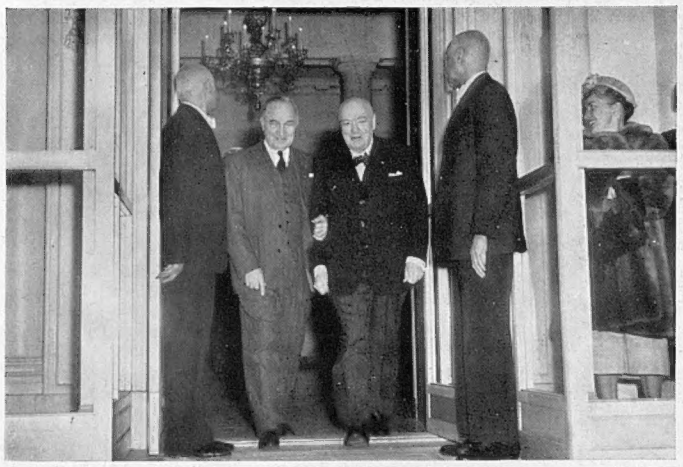
THE EARL MARSHAL GOES TO THE MANSION HOUSE TO ATTEND A LIVERY DINNER

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK IS A GUEST OF THE WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF FARMERS: Accompanying the Duke in the procession at the Mansion House is Sir Richard Haddon, the Senior Warden of the Farmers' Company. At the rear of the procession is Earl Jowitt, accompanied by Mr. V. H. Parker. The occasion was the Worshipful Company of Farmers' Livery Dinner to meet the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of the City of London.

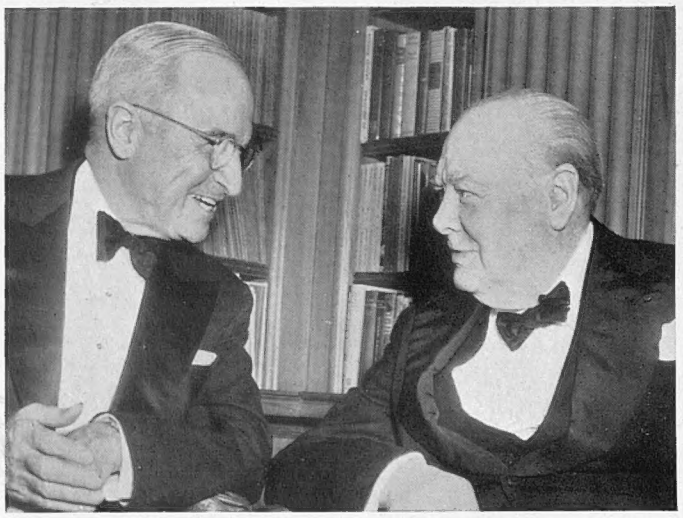
HOME AND FOREIGN

Pictures From Three Continents

MR. CHURCHILL WITH U.S. LEADERS

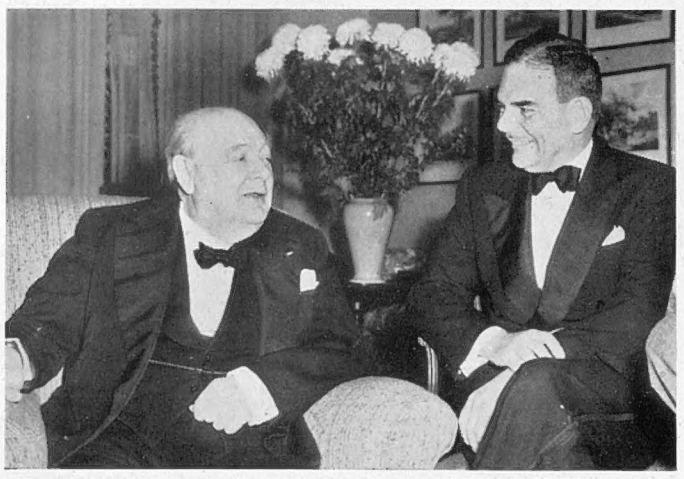


THE OUTGOING PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES WALKS ARM-IN-ARM WITH THE BRITISH PRIME MINISTER : Mr. Truman and Mr. Churchill at the entrance to the White House during the latter's Washington visit before he flew to Jamaica for a holiday. "I have a great regard for President Truman," declared Mr. Churchill. "I think he has headed a memorable period in American history. He has taken great and valiant decisions which make us all feel better to-day than we did two or three years ago."



OLD FRIENDS REMINISCE : Mr. Truman and Mr. Churchill during their meeting at the White House. Seven-and-a-half years ago they had their first official meeting at Potsdam just before Mr. Churchill left office with the advent of the Labour Government.

WITH THE SECRETARY OF STATE : Mr. Churchill with Mr. Dean Acheson at Washington airport as Mr. Churchill arrived to meet Mr. Truman and the leaders of the outgoing administration.



MR. CHURCHILL MEETS THE GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK : Talking with Mr. Thomas Dewey before dining together at the home of Mr. Churchill's host, Mr. Bernard Baruch. Among other visitors received by Mr. Churchill during the course of his New York stay were the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, who came to tea.

A FESTIVAL OF FOLK DANCES AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL

MANLEY MORRIS DANCERS OF CHESHIRE, IN THEIR FLAMBOYANT COSTUMES, REHEARSING FOR THE ANNU FOLK DANCE FESTIVAL WHICH WAS HELD AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL LAST WEEK : In the cen of this picture are bearded Leslie Haworth, with Bob McDermott, manager of the team, who l been dancing for fifty years. The Manley Morris is a street procession with pauses for danc complicated figures and steps. The emphasis at the Albert Hall festival this year was on Mor dancing, but country dancing and sword-dancing were also adequately represented. Traditio dances of this kind are fast becoming more popular, and throughout the country bands enthusiastic young men are to be found taking keen interest in them.

A TOUGH AND VENERABLE VILLAGE GAME IN LINCOLNSHIRE

A CROWD COLLECTING AT THE CHURCH OF HAXEY, IN THE ISLE OF AXHOLME, LINCOLNSHIRE, FOR T START OF THE 600-YEAR-OLD HOOD GAME : This strange game is said to have originated in a wi of a lady of the manor, who, when local yeomen had recovered her silk hood after a long cha in the wind, promised each of them land if they could invent a game on similar lines to be play every January 6. The Hood Game has been played every year since then. The Committee of t Hood is composed of the Lord, two chief Boggins and nine lesser Boggins, whose job is to s fair play. The Hood is sewn up in a long cylindrical leather case and teams representing all t local inns of the village take part in a sort of Rugby game for the possession of it. The winni team is the one successful in getting the Hood to their own inn. The game is usually very rou indeed. Last year two men were knocked unconscious and a dozen more were treated for light injur

TITO'S NEW STEP IN THE RELATIONS BETWEEN CHURCH AND STATE

MARSHAL TITO INVITES ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOPS TO ATTEND A MEETING CALLED TO SETTLE THE GOVERNMENT'S DIFFERENCES WITH THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH IN YUGOSLAVIA: The two-hour talk between the Marshal and the Bishops was held in the belief that political interference by the Vatican in Yugoslav Church-State relations was the chief stumbling-block to settlement in the differences between the two administrations. This was the first big meeting between Tito and the Bishops since Yugoslavia broke off diplomatic relations with the Vatican just before Christmas. At the end of the meeting it was announced that Marshal Tito and the Bishops had agreed to form a joint Commission to report on the diverging points of view of the Roman Catholic Church and the Government in order to find a basis for settlement. The Church dignitaries taking part in the discussion included the Archbishop of Belgrade, Mgr. Ugcic, President of the Bishops' Conference; Mgr. Antun Aksamovic, Bishop of Djakovo; Mgr. Franja Salis, Bishop of Zagreb; Mgr. Anton Vouk, Bishop of Ljubliana; Mgr. Viktor Buric, Bishop of Senj; Mgr. Marko Alalupovic, Bishop of Sarajevo, and Mgr. Sales Seeris, Bishop Coadjutor to the Archbishop of Zagreb. Before the break in diplomatic relations Marshal Tito had dismissed the demands made by the Bishops as being "insolent." Their demands are said to have included the right to teach young children the Catechism, church marriage as well as civil marriage for Roman Catholics, the restoration of property to convents to permit the nuns to maintain themselves, and a free Roman Catholic Press.

SUDAN ANTICS

DANCING HIS WAY TO POLITICAL AGREEMENT: This picture shows Major Salah Salem, personal observer in the Sudan for General Neguib, the Egyptian Premier, taking part in a tribal dance with Dinka tribesmen during his visit to the Southern Sudan. A report from Cairo alleged that there was evidence that Major Salem has promised the Moru tribe in Equatoria Province cash inducements totalling £43,000 if the tribe will agree to certain political arrangements sponsored by Egypt.

A COMPROMISE ON MEAT IN BUENOS AIRES

THE NEW TRADE AGREEMENT BETWEEN BRITAIN AND ARGENTINA IS SIGNED IN BUENOS AIRES: Sir Henry Bradshaw Mack, the British Ambassador to the Argentine, receiving the agreement for signature. On the right, signing for the Argentine, is Dr. J. Remorino, the Argentine Foreign Minister. On extreme right is Senor Morales, Minister of Economic Affairs.

Once again agreement has been reached between Britain and the Argentine, but only after long and arduous talks. These talks, however, have been conducted in a friendly spirit. The agreement, taking effect immediately, covers the year 1953 and provides for the purchase by Britain of 255,800 tons of Argentine meat, including pig meat and canned corned meat, compared with 230,000 tons previously The new price for meat is a compromise and rather nearer to Britain's first offer than to Argentina's original demand. Provision is again made for renewed shipping of chilled instead of frozen meat. The 800,000 tons of coal which Britain agrees to send Argentina this year represents a moderate increase on the amount previously supplied. There is also a small increase in crude oil to be supplied. The total of Anglo-Argentine trade in 1953 is £167,000,000.

PATRICK ELLAM'S ATLANTIC VOYAGE

A LONDONER COMPLETES A LEISURELY VOYAGE ACROSS THE WESTERN OCEAN IN A CRAFT 19½ FT. LONG: Mr. Patrick Ellam (left) in the cockpit of his sailing-boat, the *Sopranino*, as he arrived at City Island, New York, accompanied by Ray Brown, who boarded the *Sopranino* at Hampton, Virginia. Mr. Ellam crossed the Atlantic, covering in all 11,000 miles, by way of Casablanca, the Canary Isles, Barbados, Cuba and Florida. It was in Cuba that he parted from his companion, Mr. Collin Mudie, who had sailed a great part of the journey with him. Mr. Ellam's British-built boat has no engine. The purpose of the journey, which began in September 1951, was to prove that these little boats could cross the Atlantic under sail. On arrival in Miami, Mr. Ellam was obliged to leave his boat and fly to Nassau to obtain an American visa—this being the first major difficulty he encountered on his voyage.

THE QUEEN AT THE EARL OF DALKEITH'S WEDDING

The Heir to the Dukedom of Buccleuch Marries Miss Jane McNeill at St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, 1,600 Guests Attending the Wedding and the Reception

THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARGARET ARRIVE AT ST. GILES' FOR THE DALKEITH WEDDING: They journeyed 370 miles from Sandringham to be present at the Earl's marriage to Miss Jane McNeill, and two-and-a-half hours later they set out on the return journey, having to leave the reception before the cake was cut. The Royal party arrived in Edinburgh only fifteen minutes before the start of the service at St. Giles'.

THE EARL OF DALKEITH AND HIS SMILING BRIDE DRIVE FROM ST. GILES' CATHEDR AFTER THEIR WEDDING: A few minutes later, at the Assembly Rooms George Street, they began receiving the 1,600 guests who came to o their congratulations. The guests included 1,000 workers on the Duke Buccleuch's estates. Because of fog the Earl and Countess had to journ to London by train instead of by air at the start of their honeymo

TO THE SKIRL OF THE PIPES, THE QUEEN, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND PRINCESS MARGARET LEAVE ST. GILES' CATHEDRAL, EDINBURGH, AFTER THE WEDDING: This w the first time since the reign of Mary Queen of Scots that a Sovereign had attended a wedding at St. Giles' and the first time that a wedding had been solemni at St. Giles' in the Episcopalian form since the building ceased, during the seventeenth century, to be the Cathedral of the Episcopal Church in Edinburg

THE BRIDEGROOM'S MOTHER AT ST. GILES': The Duchess of Buccleuch with Lady Caroline Percy, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, one of the child bridesmaids.

YOUNG ATTENDANTS ON THE STEPS OF ST. GILES': The four child bridesmaids, Lady Caroline and Lady Victoria Percy (nieces of the bridegroom), Jean Scott and Cherry Cairns, wore Empire-style dresses of white organza with red velvet capes and mittens. The six pages, who held the train, were Prince Richard of Gloucester, the Hon. David Ward, William Legge, David Scott, Alastair Bruce and Michael Farquhar; they wore the kilt.

THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM BESIDE THE 4-FT.-HIGH CAKE: The Earl and Countess responding to the toast. *Above, on right*—Cutting the massive cake—a task which proved somewhat of an ordeal, as they had just shaken hands with 1,600 guests.

THE RADIANT BRIDE: Miss Jane McNeill, soon to be the Countess of Dalkeith, arriving at St. Giles' for her wedding. The Buccleuch family tiara and the diamonds on the silver embroidery of her dress of shimmering white glittered and sparkled.

ON THE SECOND STAGE OF THEIR JOURNEY TO THE MEDITERRANEAN: The Earl and Countess of Dalkeith at Northolt before flying to Nice. They spent the first night on the train from Edinburgh to London and the second night in Nice.

MR. ATTLEE HALTS IN INDIA EN ROUTE TO RANGOON

The Labour Leader Calls on Premier Nehru Before Journeying on to Rangoon for the Asian Socialist Conference

DURING TWO BUSY DAYS IN DELHI: *Left*—Premier Nehru receiving Mr. Attlee (Prime Minister of Britain in the days when India gained her freedom) when the latte arrived at Delhi Airport at the start of a two-day visit which preceded his visit to Rangoon for the Asian Socialist Conference. *Right*—Mr. Attlee removing hi shoes before stepping on to the platform marking the spot where the body of Mahatma Gandhi was cremated. Mr. Attlee found the platform cold in the chi sub-Himalayan wind, and smilingly said as much. Mr. Attlee arrived in Rangoon on January 6, where he was greeted with Burmese traditional music

MR. ATTLEE MAKES A PILGRIMAGE TO THE SPOT WHERE MAHATMA GANDHI WAS CREMATED: The Labour leader carrying a wreath to place on the hallowed spot. He was accompanied by the Deputy Commissioner of Delhi State and the Chief of Protocol of the Government of India. *On right*—The wreath is placed on the Rajghat, scene of the cremation.

Needless to say, the visit to India of Clement Attlee, who, as Prime Minister of the United Kingdom, helped to make possible the creation of the new Asian nations, India and Pakistan, aroused intense interest among Indian people. There was a great gathering at Delhi Airport to welcome him on his arrival, headed by Premier Nehru, his host-to-be. On January 5, Mr. Attlee held a Press conference in Delhi, during which he paid tribute to the remarkable progress of India in the last few years. He said that to conduct general elections in India, a land with such a huge population, was a wonderful achievement, and the way in which the refugee problem had been tackled was extremely creditable. Mr. Attlee continued: "I regard India as the spearpoint of free democracy. Democratic institutions in India are most advanced. Over the greater part of Asia democracy is really something new and therefore India by her experience sets an example to others."

Elaborating his viewpoint that Socialism can be a bulwark against Communism, Mr. Attlee said: "The world to-day has departed from the old idea of free and unregulated economy. Our task now is to get the maximum co-operation and planning with the greatest amount of individual freedom. Free democratic Socialism is a counter, therefore, to Communist totalitarianism."

While in Delhi Mr. Attlee addressed a meeting arranged by the Indian Council of World Affairs. He was enthusiastically cheered by 2,000 people, including Ministers and diplomatists, who packed the high-domed hall of Parliament to hear him speak. There were also large crowds to see the Labour leader as he went to the Rajghat to honour the memory of Gandhi.

A NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY ABOARD THE "QUEEN MARY" EN ROUTE TO THE UNITED STATES: Captain Armstrong, staff captain of the *Queen Mary*, drinks a toast with Mrs. Churchill. Mr. Churchill is seen talking with Sir Roger Makins, the new British Ambassador in Washington, and second from right is Lady Makins, American-born wife of the Ambassador. Mr. Churchill was at the top of his form throughout a stormy voyage, and it was reported that he had poached eggs and a chop for breakfast on one of the roughest mornings of the crossing. Before going ashore in Manhattan, Mr. Churchill held a Press conference, conducting the proceedings in his usual masterly manner.

WINSTON CHURCHILL Goes to AMERICA

Informal Talks with General Eisenhower before Meeting Mr. Truman

Declared the leader writer of the *New York Times* in welcoming Mr. Churchill to Manhattan: "There was never an Englishman more English than Churchill, but if anyone ever could claim a dual English-American nationality it is he." The *New York Times*, together with other journals, welcomed the Premier heartily, but did note in passing that it was just a little odd that he should choose to visit the United States at a time when Washington was in a dither, a new Congress was starting, and there was a change-over in administration.

En route to America, Mr. Churchill was his usual buoyant self, striding the deck of the *Queen Mary* in the worst of weathers and eating everything put before him. On arrival in New York he gave Press reporters one of those conferences which everyone enjoys, and then went ashore with his old friend, his host-to-be, Mr. Bernard Baruch. Later came the conferences with Eisenhower, a renewal of a long-standing friendship.

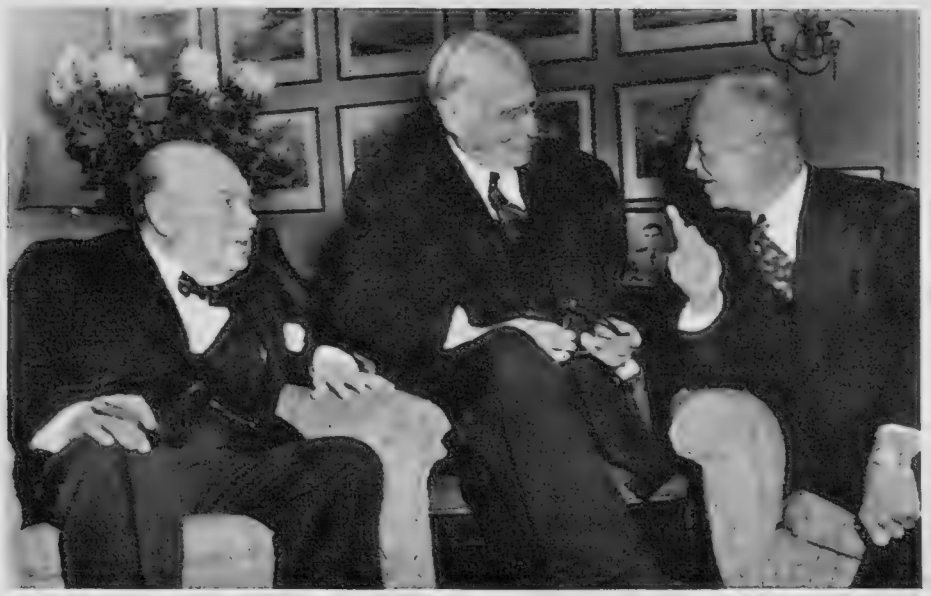
While in New York Mr. Churchill took lunch with the publisher and general manager of the *New York Times* and the editor and publisher of *Life*, two journals which are both printing extensive extracts from his memoirs. Mr. Henry Luce, of *Life*, stated later that they had discussed among other things the sixth volume of the War History, which is now nearing completion. The book brings the history to the end of the war. Mr. Luce said there was no talk of a seventh volume.

After the New York round of calls Mr. Churchill flew on to Washington to meet Mr. Truman.

FUN AND GAMES ABOARD THE "QUEEN MARY": Mr. and Mrs. Churchill with Captain Armstrong, during the celebrations in the main saloon. Mr. Churchill told passengers when he made a speech in response to New Year greetings: "I was thinking I had gone off the stage with the New Year." Revellers shouted back, "Never, never!"

MR. CHURCHILL GREETS AN OLD FRIEND: The Prime Minister shaking hands with Mr. Bernard Baruch when the latter boarded the *Queen Mary* to greet him in New York. Mr. Churchill was the guest of Mr. Baruch during the first days of his stay. Mrs. Churchill is seen standing beside Sir Roger Makins, the new British Ambassador.

A GOOD SAILOR LANDS IN MANHATTAN: Mr. Churchill, in reefer jacket and Royal Yacht Squadron cap, going ashore from the *Queen Mary* in company with Mrs. Churchill. He had just concluded a Press conference.



THE FIRST MEETING WITH GENERAL EISENHOWER: Mr. Churchill and the President-elect with Mr. Bernard Baruch, the American elder statesman, who was Mr. Churchill's host in New York. Mr. Churchill had four long meetings with General Eisenhower.

THE 83RD CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES IS CONVENED IN WASHINGTON: This was the scene in the Chamber of the House of Representatives as Speaker Joseph Martin, of Massachusetts, swore-in the entire membership after he himself had first been sworn-in. There are eighty-one new members of the House of Representatives, and when the mass oath was taken there were 221 Republicans, 211 Democrats and one Independent present. Two vacancies exist, and these will be filled in by-elections.

Foreign News in Pictures

REPUBLICANS TAKE OVER IN WASHINGTON

The King-Premier of Cambodia Meets the Premier of Viet Nam—The Lawn Tennis Barnstormers — Looting in Andhra — Neguib and the Indian Envoy in Cairo

On left—

It is all change in Washington, with the Republicans taking over from the Democrats in nearly every branch of Government. After twenty years of Democratic rule at the White House, entirely new faces will be appearing in the Executive. In Congress the Democratic tenure of office has not been uninterrupted, for the Republicans were dominant in the 80th Congress and the new Speaker of the House of Representatives, Mr. Joseph Martin, is no stranger to high office. Before Mr. Martin administered the mass oath to the Representatives at the start of the 83rd Congress last week he himself took the oath. The man he succeeds is Mr. Rayburn, who has held the office of Speaker longer than any other man in the history of the United States. As the two met on the rostrum and the gavel was handed over the exchanges were good-humoured and in the best traditions of the House. Controversial business was set aside until the following week. The first Bill of the new Congress calls for a reduction of income-tax by 11 per cent. as from July 1. It has been sponsored by Representative Daniel A. Reed, of New York, who is the chief Republican spokesman on taxes in the House.

HANDING OVER THE GAVEL: Sam Rayburn (left), the Texas Democrat, yields his position as Speaker of the U.S. House of Representatives to Joseph Martin, the Massachusetts Republican, as the 83rd Congress is convened in Washington

THE VIETNAMESE PREMIER CONSULTS WITH CAMBODIA'S KING: Nguyen Van Tam in consultation with King Norodom Sihanouk during a recent audience in the Royal palace at Phom Penh. Last year Nguyen Van Tam became the chief Minister of Viet Nam. At about the same time the King of Cambodia dismissed his Cabinet and appointed himself Premier. *On right*—Nguyen Van Tam in his ceremonial robes.

In 1949 France recognised the Kingdom of Cambodia as an independent associated State within the French Union. Two years later there were elections, but apparently King Norodom Sihanouk did not think the new rulers of the land were adequate to the task, as in 1952 he dismissed them for incompetence and failure to maintain public order, declaring they had compromised the country's position. He then demanded that the Assembly should vest full powers in him for a period of three years, and declared that he would be willing to submit himself to the judgment of a people's court. The King's action followed considerable unrest and the development of a strong insurgent movement in Cambodia, leading to attacks by guerilla forces on French troops in many areas. The King's new Cabinet has been recruited largely from members of his own entourage and from Court officials. The recent meeting with the Vietnamese Premier, depicted above, was to discuss the progress of the war against Cambodia's guerillas.

AUSTRALIA'S DAVIS CUP VICTORS TURN PROFESSIONAL AND SIGN ON THE DOTTED LINE: Ken McGregor (left) and Frank Sedgman (right) seated beside Jack Kramer, the American lawn tennis ace, as they signed contracts for £36,000 to play professional lawn tennis in the Kramer Circus. Last week before a celebrity-studded crowd of 7,000 in Los Angeles, Sedgman, the world No. 1 amateur last year, beat Kramer, the American professional champion, by 3—6, 6—4, 6—4. McGregor, on the other hand, was beaten by Pancho Segura, the colourful Ecuadorian. Later Sedgman and McGregor beat Kramer and Segura in a doubles match in which the first set went to 11—9. Sedgman very soon showed that the lighting and the exceptionally fast surface of an indoor court were no handicap.

M. RENÉ MAYER ENGAGES IN THE MORE THAN USUALLY COMPLICATED TASK OF CABINET-MAKING AFTER OTHERS HAD DECLINED THE JOB : The French Premier-designate in conversation with M. Henri Bonnet, French Ambassador to the United States, during talks at the Ministry of the Interior in Paris as he sought to create a new Administration to succeed that of M. Pinay. After a fortnight of false starts France at length had a Premier when M. Mayer was elected by the Assembly last week by 389 votes to 205, but from the outset it was by no means certain how long he could maintain his position, which was in part dependent upon the attitude of the Gaullists, who pledged their support under certain very clear-cut conditions relating to French and German participation in a European Army. M. Mayer's first task was to appoint a Foreign Minister, and this post fell to M. Bidault, a former holder of the office and a former Premier. This meant that the long reign of Robert Schuman at the Foreign Office had at last come to an end. M. Bidault is a member of the M.R.P., which was directly responsible for the fall of M. Pinay.

JUMPING AT THE WINTER GAMES AT GARMISCH-PARTENKIRCHEN : Sepp Hohenleitner, of Germany, sails through the air towards the crowds below at the Olympic Ski-ing Stadium in the Bavarian Alps. In the international ski-ing contest Norwegians and Swedes competed against Austrians and Germans. Asgeir S. Doelplads, of Norway, was the winner, with Sepp Bradl, of Austria, second, and Toni Brutscher, of Germany, third. Thanks to its ideal surroundings Garmisch-Partenkirchen is the most important winter-sports centre in Germany. In 1936 the Olympic Winter Games were held there. Near by is the lofty Zugspitze.

EGYPT'S DICTATOR AND INDIA'S ENVOYS : General Neguib, wearing military uniform, gestures with his hands as he talks with Mrs. Vijaya Pandit, India's delegate to the United Nations and sister of India's Premier. With her is Sirdar Pannikar, India's Ambassador in Cairo. The occasion was a dinner given at the Indian Embassy in honour of the visiting delegate.

RIOTERS SWARMING A RAILWAY TRACK IN SOUTHERN INDIA DURING DISTURBANCES CONCERNED WITH THE DEMAND FOR A SEPARATE PROVINCE FOR TELUGU-SPEAKING INDIANS : The troubles followed the death after fifty-eight days' fasting of Potti Sreeramuly, who took this traditionally Indian course to persuade the Central Government to accede to the demand. In the vast, unwieldy province of Madras there are people speaking a number of quite distinct languages, Tamil and Telugu being the most important. The long campaign by Telugu-speakers for a separate province of their own, to be called Andhra-dhesa, has now been virtually acceded to in Parliament by Mr. Nehru, the Indian Prime Minister, who has said that the Government is prepared to proceed as early as possible to form the new province provided neither the city of Madras nor any contested areas would be included in it.

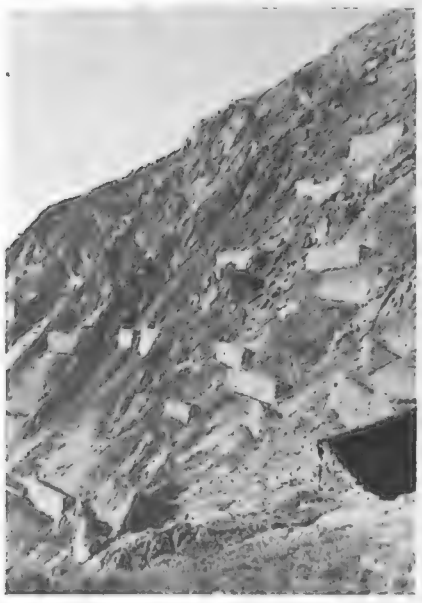
RIDGWAY IS ELOQUENT AT A PRESS CONFERENCE IN FRANCE : The Supreme Commander in Europe speaking at S.H.A.P.E. H.Q. at Rocquencourt. He told his hearers that he had never declared that the progress for the defence of the West was satisfactory. It was considerable and encouraging, he affirmed, but it was not satisfactory in the light of the task assigned to Supreme Headquarters and the estimates of the enemy's potential capabilities. The General was replying to a questioner who asked how the progress made in Western defence could be regarded as satisfactory, when the North Atlantic Council, at its last meeting in Paris, had laid emphasis on quality rather than on quantity, and set itself sixty divisions as a goal for 1954, though at Lisbon, at the beginning of last year, Allied military needs for 1954 had been set at ninety divisions. General Ridgway began by saying that he had been greatly encouraged in his confidence that the problems facing them could be solved, by the progress made since the beginning. In the fight that N.A.T.O. was waging for peace by peaceful means, it was vitally important that the political authorities, in negotiations between East and West, should have the force which alone would be acknowledged by a potential aggressor.

MAN AGAINST THE SNOW

The Never-ceasing Struggle to Protect the Railways of Switzerland from the Menace of Great Avalanches

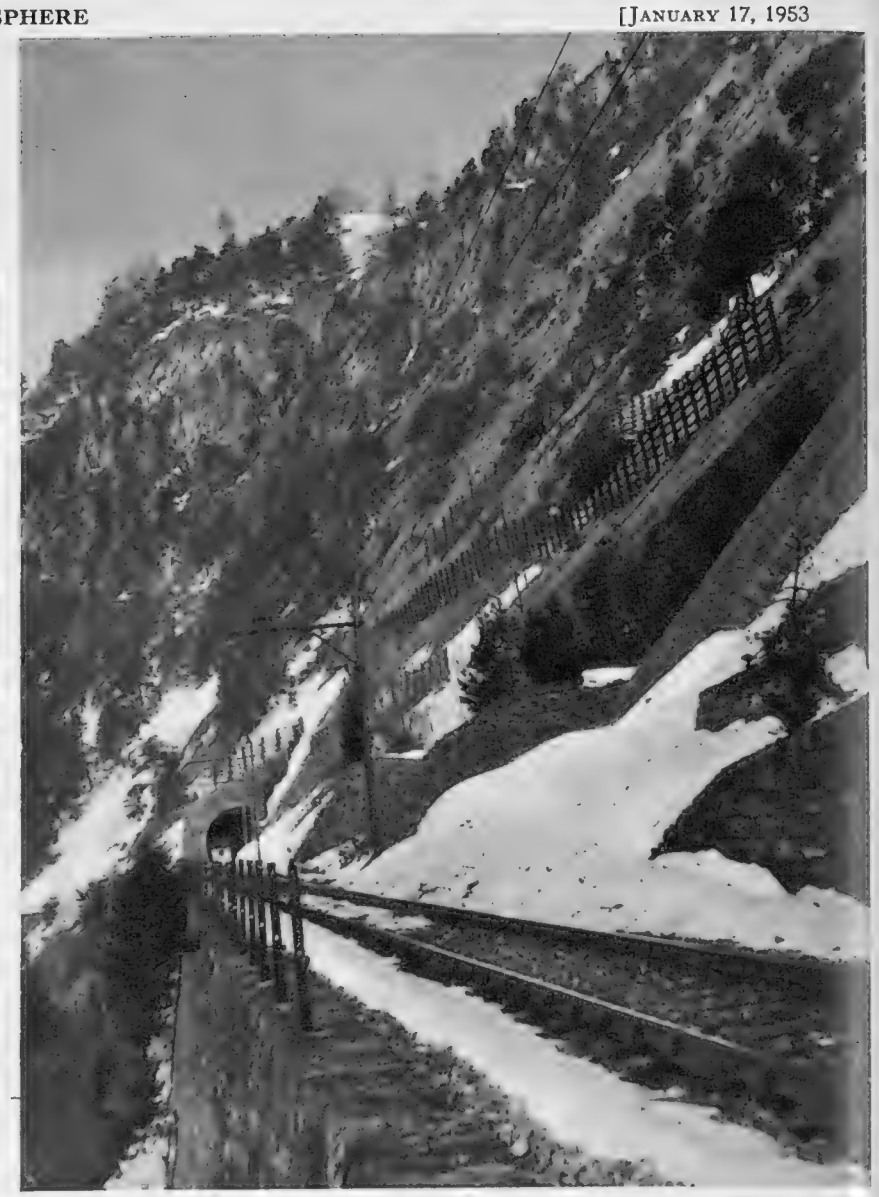
CLEARING A SWISS RAILWAY LINE AFTER A HEAVY FALL OF SNOW: *On left*—One of the railway snow-ploughs working at full speed, throwing white fountains to the sides of the track. *On right*—Impressions left in a wall of snow by the plough. Snow-ploughs are in constant use on Swiss railways during the autumn and spring, and enormous sums must be spent to protect trains from the danger of avalanches. Walls and other barriers are built on the slopes above the tracks and trees are planted as snow-breaks.

A PARTY OF WORKMEN SETTING OFF IN A SNOWSTORM TO CLEAR THE RAILWAY TRACKS ALONG THE ST. GOTTHARD LINE: Sometimes they have to deal with blocks of overhanging ice and snow constituting a menace to passing trains.



A GROUP OF STONE WALLS BUILT ON THE MOUNTAINSIDE AS AVALANCHE GUARDS: These walls may be as much as 36 ft. high and 100 yards long.

BRINGING DOWN AN AVALANCHE WITH A TRENCH-MORTAR: Threatening avalanches are often disposed of in this manner before they become "ripe."



WALLS AND FENCES BUILT ON THE SLOPES ABOVE A SWISS RAILWAY AS A PROTECTION AGAINST AVALANCHES: Boulders which might be sent crashing down the mountainsides by the weight of snow are secured with enormous nails.

THE TWIN FOUNTAINS EJECTED FROM A RAILWAY SNOW-PLOUGH MOVING DOGGEDLY ALONG THE ST. GOTTHARD LINE: These modern machines, which have been recently brought into use on this line, throw the snow 50 yards away from the track and move the equivalent of a truck-full of snow every second.

The struggle to protect Alpine railways from the constant menace of avalanches thundering down upon them is an expensive and unceasing task. Walls and terraces have been built to hold back the snow on the steep mountain slopes, and boulders, threatening to be dislodged by the weight of snow, are fixed into position with huge steel nails. On the Lötschberg line, beneath the Faldum Alp, where there is a dangerous avalanche, more than 400 walls have been constructed to protect only 443 yards of track. Over 100 walls and seventy-nine terraces protect the northern entry to the Lötschberg Tunnel, where the railway, with miles of tunnels and 244 bridges, is itself an engineering marvel.

Swiss engineers are by no means alone in their defiance of the avalanches. Two of the most loyal of man's allies in the struggle are the fir and the larch, which can "fix" the snow even on the steepest slopes. The Swiss mountain railways have tree nurseries of their own providing young trees to cover the dangerous slopes along the railways. Millions of trees have now been planted above the Gotthard and the Lötschberg lines, a long-term plan which has already proved its worth.

In spite of these precautions there is always the chance of an avalanche breaking through, but constant vigilance and an intimate knowledge of the mountains usually prevents disaster. When snowfalls have been unusually heavy, when the temperature suddenly rises or the "foehn," the warm wind of the Alps, begins to blow, patrols are on the watch along the lines. The men remain on duty day and night and are in constant touch with stations so that trains can be delayed when danger threatens.

Sometimes the patrols do not wait until a threatening avalanche is "ripe," but bring it down deliberately, using trench-mortars with great skill.

There is one place along the Lötschberg railway where topographical conditions make it impossible for walls or other protective devices to be built and the famous Mahnkinn avalanche thunders down regularly every year. Security is provided in another way, by an ingenious device said to be unique.

High up in the mountain, about three-quarters of a mile from the track, two electric wires are laid across the "bed" of the avalanche. The wires are broken when the snow begins to move, and this automatically sets railway signals below at danger. The timing has been planned so that a train already in the danger area when the signals change will be clear before the avalanche reaches the line.

FIGHTING THE BATTLE AGAINST MAU MAU IN KENYA: Father Casolati, priest in charge of the isolated Catholic mission two miles from Fort Hall, seen with members of the Home Guard unit which the mission has formed in order to quell Mau Mau activities. The present membership of the Home Guard is twenty, but there are many more members waiting to join, most of them having undergone cleansing ceremonies organised at the mission by Father Casolati.

COMBATING MAU MAU

Aspects of the Continuing Battle in Kenya

At the turn of the year the Mau Mau outrages in Kenya reached a new level with the murder in the Thomson's Falls district of two more British settlers whose mutilated bodies were found by a neighbour on the morning after the attack. Mr. Ferguson, the elder of the two murdered Britons, was one of the colony's early settlers, while his companion, twenty-three-year-old Richard Bingley, had inherited his farm only two years previously. Mr. Ferguson's Kikuyu cook, who was interrogated by the police after having walked two miles across country in darkness to get help, said that the gang which attacked Mr. Ferguson's house in the Wanjohi valley was a large one. The attack followed on a daylight raid earlier in the week at the near-by farms of two other Europeans. An intensive search for the thugs was organised and aircraft flew over thickly-forested hillside, seeking signs of the men. At the same time local settlers decided to hold a meeting in order to discuss the situation in the region. Later came the news of the murder of the loyal Kikuyu Chief Hinga at the Government hospital near Nairobi and of the heroic defence put up by two women during a raid by four Africans on their farm 20 miles from Nyeri. The Army and police have been swift in their counter-measures against the attackers, and in several instances direct arrests have been made. Operational headquarters have been set up at Thomson's Falls and thither last week went General Sir Brian Robertson, Commander-in-Chief, Middle East Land Forces. Sir Brian was to tour the Mau Mau area and to see the progress of the resistance movement.

A WOUNDED MISSIONARY RECUPERATES IN HOSPITAL: Father Cremasco, a missionary at the Tuso Mission in the Nyeri area, was shot in the arm by a Mau Mau gang while he and another priest were having their supper. Seen with Fr. Cremasco at the Consolata Mission Hospital are Dr. Chiono and Sister Joan Henry.

AN IDENTIFICATION PARADE FOLLOWING THE FERGUSON-BINGLEY MURDERS: Men of the Lancashire Fusiliers, police and loyal Kikuyu spearmen, guard the suspected Kikuyu rounded-up after the murder of Mr. C. H. Ferguson, aged nearly sixty, and his partner, Mr. Richard Bingley, who was twenty-three. The murder took place on New Year's Day at Mr. Ferguson's house on a 2,000-acre farm in the Wanjohi Valley, at the foot of the 1,500-ft. escarpment of the Aberdare Mountains.

THE TWO SCENES OF THREE RECENT MURDERS IN KENYA: *Left*—An armed guard stands on duty at the Government Hospital at Kiambu, near Nairobi, as a precautionary measure against further attacks by Mau Mau thugs. In the background can be seen the window of the room where the Kikuyu Chief Hinga was killed during a recent attack. *Right*—Mr. J. Timmerman, head of the C.I.D., questions the late Mr. Ferguson's Kikuyu cook outside the house in which Mr. Ferguson and Mr. Bingley were slashed to death while at dinner.

TWELFTH NIGHT IN LONDON

CELEBRATING THE EPIPHANY WITH THE TRADITIONAL OFFERING AND SERVICE AT THE QUEEN'S CHAPEL; PERFORMING A MASQUE IN THE CITY; CUTTING THE BADDELEY CAKE AT DRURY LANE THEATRE

THE CLIMAX TO CHRISTMAS IN THE CITY OF LONDON—SEA CADETS AND A COMPANY OF PLAYERS TAKE PART IN A MASQUE ON THE STEPS OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL: This was the opening scene of an unusual performance which, but for the predominating weather, was to have included a masque of Shakespeare's play *Twelfth Night*, songs by choirs and Tableaux Representing Britain's Sea Power. Standing behind the Sea Cadets during the scene portraying a part of Britain's naval history is eighty-two-year-old Mrs. Ada Stanislaw, playing the part of Britannia, while behind her, brandishing a torch, is her son and producer of the masque, Mr. C. Francis Stanislaw. Taking part in the performance was the City Coronation Shakespeare Company, the members of which were dressed in Elizabethan costume, while others dressed as Black Friars led the singing of carols. The latter were introduced by quotations from *Twelfth Night*. The evening's entertainment concluded with the singing of the National Anthem and then the whole company (all those who had braved the weather to take part in the performance) marched off to the dressing-rooms near Ludgate Circus. One of the ideas behind the production was to draw attention to the need for a Shakespearean theatre in London. As Mr. Stanislaw said: "My real aim in life is to get Shakespeare's house rebuilt on Ludgate Hill. I have read Shakespeare's will and I know that he really lived on this hill."

THE PRODUCER TAKES THE "STAGE" AND PRESENTS SHAKESPEARE TO THE CITY WORKER: Apart from Mr. Stanislaw, none of the players had any lines to speak, but dressed in Elizabethan costume they stood on the steps of St. Paul's holding lighted torches. Throughout the day there had been a mixture of snow, rain and sleet, and City workers who would have formed the audience were more interested in making their way home.

SHAKESPEARE IN A CITY CHURCH: Watched by fish-porters, Stanislaw's actors give a performance of *Twelfth Night* in St. Mary-at-Hill, Billingsgate. This was prior to the outdoor performance.

THE QUEEN'S TRADITIONAL EPIPHANY GIFTS ARE OFFERED DURING THE CELEBRATION OF HOLY COMMUNION AT THE QUEEN'S CHAPEL, ST. JAMES'S PLACE: The Rev. Maurice Foxell, Sub-Dean of her Majesty's Chapels Royal, who officiated at the service, is escorted by Yeomen of the Guard while on his way to the Chapel. There the customary offering of gold, frankincense and myrrh was made on behalf of the Queen by Lieut.-Colonel Henry de Satge and Rear-Admiral Sir Arthur Bromley, Gentlemen Ushers to her Majesty. The gifts, symbolic of those brought by the Three Wise Men to the infant Christ at Bethlehem, have been presented each Epiphany by the Sovereign for nearly 800 years. Until the late nineteenth century monarchs made the Epiphany offerings in person.

TWELFTH NIGHT IN THEATRELAND—CUTTING THE BADDELEY CAKE AT DRURY LANE: Wilbur Evans and Julie Wilson, the leading players in *South Pacific*, raise their glasses as Austin Melford performs his annual Twelfth Night duty at London's celebrated theatre. Miss Wilson was participating in the ceremony for the first time; not so her other colleagues, several of whom were present last year during the early days of *South Pacific*. Among the guests this year was eighty-two-year-old Marie Montrose, who was principal girl in the pantomime *Dick Whittington* at Drury Lane in 1894. The ceremony at the theatre derives from the will of Robert Baddeley, the pastry-cook actor, who bequeathed a sum of £100 to provide a cake bearing his name which should be cut for her Majesty's Company of Comedians—the correct title for any company appearing at the theatre.

THE LIVERPOOL SKYLINE, A SIGHT FAMILIAR TO THE DEPARTING AND ARRIVING WORLD TRAVELLER AND NO LESS TO THE DAILY COMMUTER BY FERRY: From left to right are the Royal Liver Building, the Cunard-White Star Building, with the Mersey Tunnel ventilator behind, the Dock Board offices and the Anglican Cathedral on its hill-top site. The large vessel in front of the Royal Liver Building is one of the Isle of Man boats and the ferryboat in the centre is the *Lord Egremont*.

LIVERPOOL: GATEWAY TO THE WESTERN OCEAN

The Ebullience of Ireland and the Rhythm of Wales Have Gone to the Making of this Unique Seaport City which is so Essentially Separate from the Rest of the North Country

By JOHN BROPHY *(Author of "City of Departures" and "Immortal Sergeant")*

WITH DRAWINGS BY CLAUDE MUNCASTER, R.O.I.

During the Second World War allied strategy made Liverpool the world's busiest port. The enemy delivered repeated and sustained attacks from the air, destroying and damaging 120,000 houses and, in one week alone, killing 1,453 people, but the port was never closed. During sixty-eight months of war, 75,000,000 tons of cargo were handled and over 4,700,000 troops passed through. No fewer than 73,000 aircraft were landed at the port, and Liverpool was also the strategic headquarters of the Western Approaches, the Battle of the Atlantic being directed from a control room deep below an office block adjoining the Town Hall. The damage done to the centre of the city offered an opportunity for complete redevelopment, and a 180-ft. inner ring is planned to link the main railway termini and the pier-head, thus diverting all through traffic from the central area. Already much has been done to create a new and finer Liverpool, and much remains to be done. In the following article John Brophy, a Liverpudlian of distinction, gives an account of modern Liverpool which he finds unique among cities of the North Country, and Claude Muncaster, who has paid a special visit to Liverpool on behalf of THE SPHERE, *contributes a series of drawings of the port and of the city itself.*

IT is unmistakably a northern city, as smoke-stained as Manchester, 35 miles away, and perhaps as rainy. It rises behind its waterfront in windswept natural terraces, but blusterous and raw though the gales may be, they are rarely icy: compared with other North Country cities, Liverpool's winter is mild enough. The sea wind puts an invigorating taste of salt in the air most days, and within a few hours it will sweep the heaviest accumulation of rainclouds away towards, it is said, Manchester, where all cloud lingers indefinitely.

Liverpool is unique not only in Lancashire but in the whole North Country, and a measure of its separateness is the local accent, made familiar, in a mild form, to millions by the broadcasts of Tommy Handley, Arthur Askey and Robb Wilton. This rather high-pitched and nose-stifled accent stops short a few miles beyond the city boundaries and is found nowhere else in the world, although its intonation is probably derived from Ireland (specifically from the Ringsend district of Dublin) and its rising rhythm from Wales. These two countries supplied Liverpool with vast inflows of population during its rapid expansion in the nineteenth century.

ONE OF THE SIX VENTILATING STATIONS OF THE MERSEY TUNNEL: George's Dock Building, with its striking tower, and in the background the Royal Liver Building. The ventilating stations, which are quite a feature of the skyline, all differ in architectural treatment, but are all uniform in operation. Fresh air is drawn into fans through louvres.

Industrial Lancashire takes in raw materials and manufactures from them: Liverpool, the largest city in the county, although it has for many years maintained a miscellany of factories with national and international markets, remains predominantly a seaport, a place of receipt and despatch for both raw materials and finished manufactures—in fact, the chief British port for the Atlantic trade.

Economically, Liverpool may be said to look westward, but in topographical fact the Mersey estuary is so aligned that the tide flows in southward and ebbs almost due north. The estuary is thus sheltered from storms and has the character as well as the size of a fine natural harbour. At its mouth it is a mile wide, but opposite the focus-point of the whole city, the Pier Head, it narrows to half a mile and then spreads into a Pool where numbers of large ships can lie safely at anchor. The hour-glass configuration of the estuary produces a powerful tide, sufficient to float any and all ocean-going liners in and out of dock and to maintain a deep channel despite the sandy nature of both banks.

These geographical felicities account for the fact that as a material city, an agglomeration of domestic, commercial and public buildings, Liverpool, despite its long history, is wholly modern. Norsemen settled there in the eighth century and may have given the place a name from which the modern spelling has developed. King John made it a borough, and in the Civil War it was captured, and subsequently lost, by Prince Rupert. Bristol, however, remained the chief port on the West Coast until at least the middle of the eighteenth century. The Mersey estuary, with its scoured channel and long, sheltered shores, had to wait on circumstance; on the

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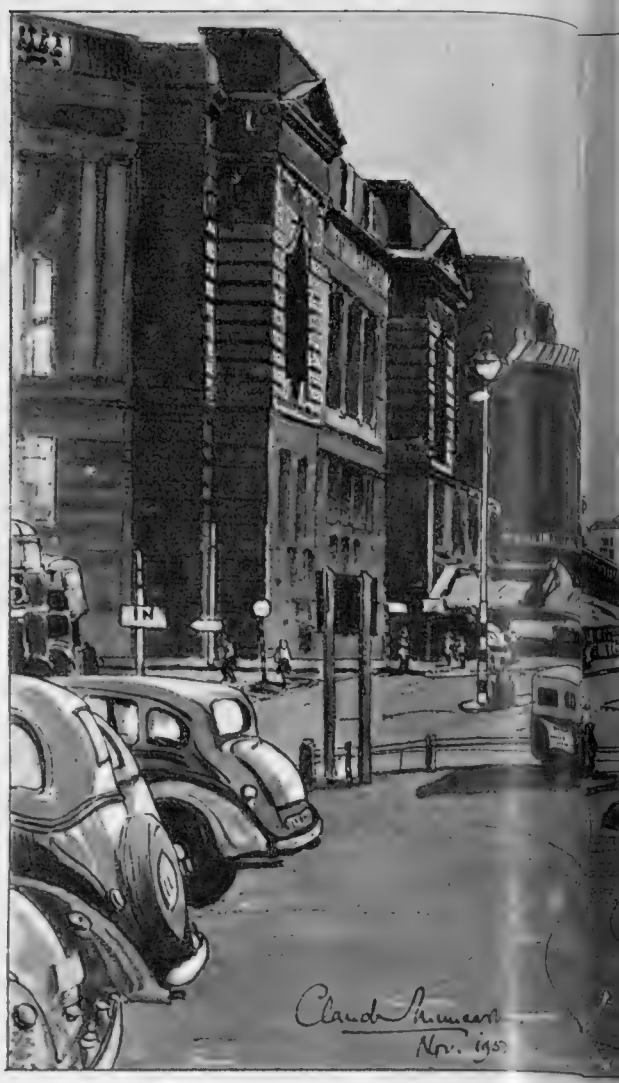
LIVERPOOL: Gateway to the Western Ocean

HOUSING DEVELOPMENT—A SUBURBAN SCHEME OF GREAT ARCHITECTURAL VARIETY: Houses of the non-parlour type on the Finch House Estate. Three-storey flats are another feature of this estate. The attack on the housing problem in Liverpool is two-pronged. First there is the development in the suburbs and in the periphery of the city of new housing estates on virgin land zoned for housing development, and secondly, the more difficult problem of Central Area Development—that entailing demolition of slum properties and rebuilding in new urban housing projects.



THE GLADSTONE DOCK—TUGS GATHERED ROUND THE WHITE HULL OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC LINER "EMPRESS OF FRANCE," AND IN THE FOREGROUND LIGHTERS M MADE FAST NEAR THE LOADING QUAY: From the Gladstone Graving Dock at the north end of Liverpool to the Herculaneum Dock at the south, the Mersey is fronte for a length of about 6½ miles by a system of docks and basins, having a water area of about 460 acres and a lineal quayage of about 28 miles, of every imaginab type and variety, from the gigantic accommodation necessary for the ever-increasing size of Atlantic liners to the lesser requirements of the small coaster. On th opposite side of the river are the Birkenhead Docks, having a water area of about 182 acres and over 9 miles of quays. The Liverpool Port Radar Station is situate at the north-west corner of the Gladstone Dock at the entrance to the Mersey, the aerial being mounted on a conspicuous white concrete tower 80 ft. in heig

THE HEART OF THE CITY—LOOKING UP WILLIAM BROWN STREET ACROSS THE KINGSWAY ENTRANCE TO THE MERSEY TUNNEL: A Mersey Tunnel for dealing with cross-river vehicular traffic was a matter for speculation for many years before the Mersey Tunnel Bill finally received Royal Assent in 1925. The actual work of construction began in December 1925, when the Princess Royal switched on the power for the pneumatic drills on the George's Dock site. The tunnel was opened to traffic by his Majesty King George V on July 18, 1934. It had cost almost £8,000,000, and had taken nine years to build. Temporarily, it solved the problem of the traffic flow between Liverpool and Birkenhead, but rapidly-increasing traffic densities soon brought new problems for the Tunnel Committee. In the background of this drawing is the vast bulk of St. George's Hall. On the left is the Technical School, the Reference Library and the famous Walker Art Gallery.

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dev opment of the coal and iron fields inland, on the est ishment of textile mills not only in Lancashire but n Yorkshire beyond, and on the superseding of wo n sailing-ships by iron-hulled steamers needing de water, larger docks and room to manœuvre. W all these factors were present, Liverpool was ready to fil the need for a great Atlantic port, and its gro h was rapid. It is still, in substance, a Victorian co ercial city, extended and rebuilt considerably in the esent century. The charming red-brick Blue Coat Sc l (1718) and the Town Hall (17 are the oldest buildings of an ize, and little else survives fro the eighteenth century.

e city covers 43 square miles an occupies roughly a semi-circle, of which the straight line is represented by the right bank of the Mersey given up, except in the neighbourhood of the Pier Head, to a continuous succession of large enclosed docks, most of the basins built at right angles to the flow of the river and so stretching some distance inland. Immediately behind the docks lies a broad cobbled road, changing name several times but for all practical purposes a single dock road. Beside it run two railways, one on road-level for the transport of such cargoes as are not moved by motor or horse lorry, the other raised on cylindrical iron pillars, used for passenger traffic and called the Overhead Railway. This bears as close a resemblance to the Elevated in New York as some of Liverpool's older houses, faced with the local red sandstone, do to the brownstone mansions of Manhattan. It is as if the two great Atlantic ports had at an early period of their development spied on each other imitatively.

The docks extend over about nine miles of the river-bank and the total length of their quays is perhaps four times as great. From this flat area the city rises inland in a natural amphitheatre, so that most of the bus and tram routes from the Pier Head run not only outwards but upwards. The city has grown up these slopes period by period, pausing about the turn of the century at, and just over, the topmost ridge which swings in an irregular arc from Kirkdale in the north, past Shiel Park and over the main Midland railway line (which cuts and tunnels a smoky way through the sandstone of Edge Hill), to slide down again to the river at The Dingle. This ridge is still known locally by the old dialect name of "the brow." Beyond it the roads slope gently downwards or run level. It is in these more extensive outward areas that, during the present century, and especially in the decades between the two world wars, the municipality has purchased land boldly and wisely. Several large public parks have been established here, as well as some excellent housing estates which, incidentally, have helped to clear the hideous slums run up, 100 years ago or less, adjacent to the dock area.

In the outlying districts of Speke, Fazakerley and Kirkby the municipality is also developing industrial estates, leasing land for the erection of factories.

There is no pier at the Pier Head, but it is here that the cross-river ferry-boats, the Dublin, Belfast and Isle of Man steamers, as well as the largest transatlantic passenger liners, load and unload, using the floating Landing Stage, which is wooden-floored, supported on

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THE CITY OF LIVERPOOL—A SKETCH-MAP BY LESLIE S. HAYWOOD OF THE GREAT CITY ON THE MERSEY WHICH HAS PLAYED SUCH A VITAL PART IN MODERN INDUSTRIAL HISTORY AND IN THE PROSECUTION OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR: The sketch-map shows the main road arteries fanning out and part of the line of the proposed ring road which is a feature of the post-war development plan for the city.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE LANGTON AND CANADA DOCKS ON THE BOUNDARY OF THE BOROUGH OF BOOTLE AND THE CITY OF LIVERPOOL: Steady progress is being made in the scheme for the reconstruction of the Langton, Brocklebank and Canada Docks area, which will provide the port with another modern dock entrance of similar design to that serving the Gladstone Docks. The scheme includes the demolition of the old Canada and Langton Dock entrances which are no longer suitable for the modern type of vessel. They are being replaced by a new river entrance lock into the Langton Dock 825 ft. long and 130 ft. wide, with a sill 19 ft. below bay datum. This new entrance will allow any vessel now built to pass through into the adjoining docks and will enable foreign-going vessels of average size to lock in or out at any state of the tide, thus affecting a considerable saving in the time occupied by this class of ship entering and leaving the docks. The proposals also include the construction of new quays and modern transit sheds to accommodate cargo liners. The 100-year-old granite tower which is seen in the centre of the drawing, is to be demolished. It has acted in years past as a pumping station and a safe home for many nesting pigeons.

LIVERPOOL: GATEWAY TO THE WESTERN OCEAN

THE GREAT SWEEP OF LIVERPOOL'S DOCKLAND, SHOWING THE GLADSTONE DOCK IN THE FAR DISTANCE AND, NEARER THE FOREGROUND, THE ALEXANDRA, LANGTON AND CANADA DOCKS: The progress of the port of Liverpool can be traced from the time of King John, when the latter, deciding to prosecute the war with Ireland, determined to take possession of the land beside the Mersey and form a port. By 1326 Liverpool was well known as a port of entry, and mandates were directed to the Bailiffs and commonalty for searching letters either going in or out of the kingdom and also suspect persons. It was following the termination of the American War of Independence that Liverpool really began to grow apace, and the increase in commerce and shipping was so rapid that it was found necessary during 1785 to apply for powers to form additional docks.

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air-filled pontoons, and nearly half a mile long. It is permanently joined to the river embankment by nine bridges which descend at an angle varying with the state of the tide. The first Landing Stage was built as long ago as 1847, and except for a fire in 1874 and a few periods of reconstruction, this imposing and ingenious device has been in continuous use ever since.

The covered bridges opposite the ferries lead up to the open space known as the Pier Head, which serves as the terminal for most of the bus and tramway routes. Here are grouped the three tallest and most massive buildings—the Cunard-White Star offices, the offices of the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board (commonly abbreviated to Dock Board) and the Royal Liver Building with its two towers, 295 ft. high, adorned with clock faces which glow a pale green by night, and gilded representations of the mythical Liver bird, invented in a not-very-serious attempt to provide an etymology for the name of the city. All three buildings were erected early in the present century on ground only a few feet above sea-level.

Behind them the streets rise steeply to a natural terrace which was the site of the old borough of Liverpool. The Castle which gave its name to Castle Street was pulled down more than 200 years ago, and the elegant proportions of the Town Hall, with its dome and jutting portico, are not easily to be seen as a whole. Adjacent to this, however, is a fine quadrangle, the Exchange Flags, dating from 1803, surrounded on three sides by the Exchange building, which is an early Victorian reconstruction. The Exchange building gives its name to the Parliamentary division represented by Mrs. Braddock. Since the war the floor of the Cotton Exchange is and has been deserted and silent, awaiting the resumption of a free market in cotton.

From Castle Street two of the main thoroughfares of central Liverpool run inland. Dale Street is business and administration: it has the Municipal Offices on one side and on the other the police headquarters. To the south and roughly parallel runs Lord Street, all shops on one side, while the other is gapped and backed by the worst devastation of the German air raids. Lord Street continues into the main shopping centre, which is bounded by Lime Street, marking the level of the second terrace as one moves inland. At the southern end of Lime Street is the Adelphi Hotel—to the visitor it may well be the most important building of all, for there is no other large hotel in Liverpool—and the headquarters store of Lewis's Ltd., of which Lord Woolton (who takes his title from a Liverpool suburb) was managing director and chairman.

At the other end of Lime Street, opposite the Midland railway station, the terminal of the Euston line, is St. George's Hall. This vast structure in the Græco-Roman manner is, or used to be, much

admired by architects. Unfortunately it is soot-black and has since 1854 occupied the one site in central Liverpool where a wide prospect might be obtained over the estuary to the Welsh hills. The view can be glimpsed, uncomfortably, at either end of the 500-ft.-long building, which is used for occasional concerts as well as the Assizes. Sooner or later Liverpool, which has carried out some bold building schemes, must consider the advantages of clearing this site and rebuilding the ugly station, to give the city one worthy central thoroughfare.

On the river side of St. George's Hall, with access made difficult by traffic, is a small public garden on a slope, flanked by the massive Victorian-classical shapes of the (bombed) Museum, Central Library and Walker Art Gallery. At the foot of the slope is the Liverpool end, entrance and exit, of the Mersey Tunnel, opened in 1934, two and a quarter miles long, providing, with two lines of traffic in each direction, a magnificently engineered roadway under the estuary. Both above and below ground, the Tunnel belongs, æsthetically, to the twentieth century. A reminder of the past lies, however, not far away: the motorist emerging from the Tunnel has only to bear left to find himself in less than a minute in Scotland Road, not so long ago ill-famed for poverty, misery, riot and religious dissension.

Where the uphill roads flatten out into the next terrace after the Lime Street level, there stands the building which from many viewpoints dominates the city—the Anglican

THE TEMPORARY ALTAR ON THE SITE OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL: Building work on the site was stopped in 1941 owing to the war. When the Cathedral is eventually completed, to the designs of Sir Edwin Lutyens, it will embrace fifty-three altars. It will consist of a sequence of barrel vaults converging to carry a mighty dome 168 ft. in diameter, covering, with its spacious inner dome, a space some 300 ft. high.

THE BIRKENHEAD FERRY BOAT ABOUT TO COME ALONGSIDE THE LIVERPOOL LANDING-STAGE: In the Mersey, where the range of tide is considerable, being as much as 34 ft. on an extreme spring tide, this landing-stage is essential to the quick loading and discharge of goods and passengers. The first landing-stage was constructed in 1847 by the Dock Trustees and was succeeded in 1857 by a new and larger stage. It was completed and awaiting inauguration by the Duke of Edinburgh when, on July 28, 1874, it was destroyed by fire. In 1876 a new stage was completed.

Cathedral. It is of red sandstone, quarried on Merseyside, and a massive nave, Lady Chapel and square tower are slowly taking external shape in a Gothic style. The foundation-stone was laid as long ago as 1904, and the interior, with its tall arches, its modern stained glass and renowned organ, is so spacious and yet so perfect in detail that there is no impression of incompleteness. The Roman Catholic Cathedral, not far away, designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens, was started much later, but the crypt is finished and attracts many visitors. On this, almost the highest ridge of the hilly city, are to be found also the red-brick main buildings of the University (perhaps best known

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LIVERPOOL'S NOBLE ANGLICAN CATHEDRAL: Though uncompleted, Liverpool Cathedral dominates Liverpool and the Mersey from its hill-top site, and is a glorious addition to the great city. Rising above the wooded slopes of St. James's Cemetery, the surroundings are entirely open and unobstructed except on the south side. The foundation-stone was laid in 1904 by King Edward VII, and six years later the Lady Chapel, the first portion of the building to be completed, was consecrated. Although construction was slowed by the First World War, it never wholly stopped, and on the twentieth anniversary of the laying of the foundation-stone the Choir and Eastern Transept were consecrated in the presence of King George V and Queen Mary. A year later work was begun on a further section, and though once again war intervened to slow down construction, it was possible in 1941 to take the huge Under-Tower and Western Transept into use, though some minor features still remained to be finished. Meanwhile, in 1940 and again in 1941, the building had suffered not inconsiderably from enemy action. The only direct hit on the building failed to penetrate the inner vault, but several near-misses shattered many of the windows on the south side and damaged much stonework.

LIVERPOOL: GATEWAY TO THE WESTERN OCEAN

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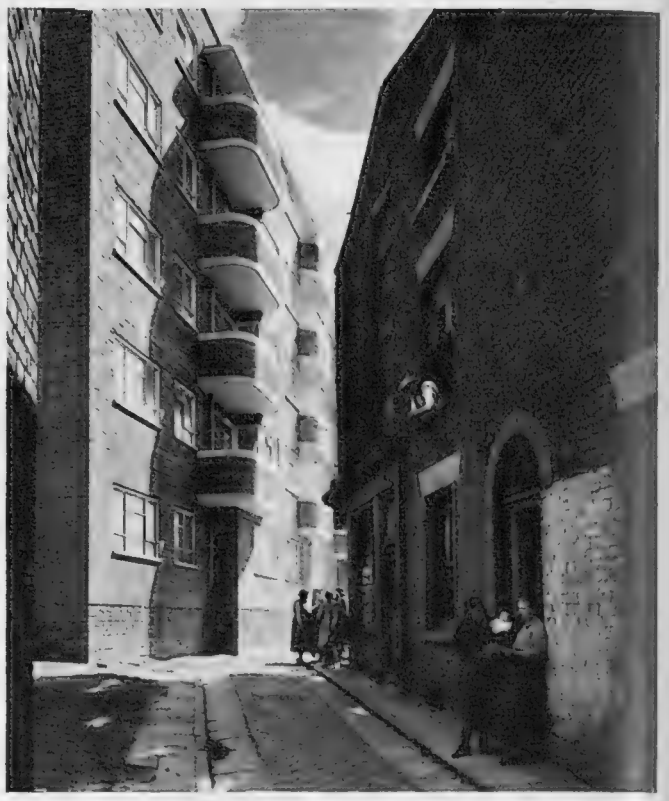
for its schools of Architecture and Tropical Medicine) and the Philharmonic Hall (rebuilt just before the Hitler war), which has its own permanent orchestra.

Except for convenience of administration, Liverpool is inseparable from its immediate environment, and the name "Merseyside" has been hit on to take in Birkenhead, with its extensive docks and shipyards, and the holiday places on the shore of the Wirral peninsula, as well as those boroughs and townships north of Liverpool itself, where docks and warehouses slowly yield to sandhills and open shore. They are quite numerous, these last: Seaforth, Waterloo, Crosby, Formby, and on almost to Southport. Bootle, a borough jealous of its independence, is by reason of its docks the most important: it has a few pleasantly old-fashioned residential streets and a melancholy fog-horn facetiously named, after an old play, "Bootle's Baby."

LOOKING ALONG DALE STREET, LIVERPOOL: Here is a glimpse of the busy commercial heart of the city. Liverpool has many claims to importance, not the least as an insurance centre. The city has attracted all insurance companies of standing throughout Great Britain—and many from overseas—until at the present there are within the civic borders representatives of over 100 offices, transacting all classes of insurance, and employing a total of some five-thousand people.



THE OLD BESIDE THE NEW: A modern block of flats rising above an ancient tenement in Liverpool. This is typical of the problem of re-development in the central area of the overcrowded city. Between the wars substantial progress was made not only in the development of vast suburban cottage estates but also in the clearance of insanitary areas of property in the centre of Liverpool and their replacement by modern blocks of flats. Now the work is going ahead again.

Merseyside has some out-of-the-way claims to the attention of social historians. It has been the scene of two of the most arguable of murder trials, both held at St. George's Hall: in 1889 Mrs. Maybrick, whose marriage had brought her from Alabama to Liverpool's most genteel suburb, Aigburth, was condemned to death for poisoning her husband. The sentence was later commuted to penal servitude for life on the grounds (which ought to have meant acquittal) that the evidence did not "wholly exclude a reasonable doubt." And in 1931, William Herbert Wallace, an insurance agent living in the district fantastically named Cabbage Hall, was found guilty of murdering his wife. The Court of Appeal for the first time in its history reversed the verdict as being contrary not to the law but to the evidence.

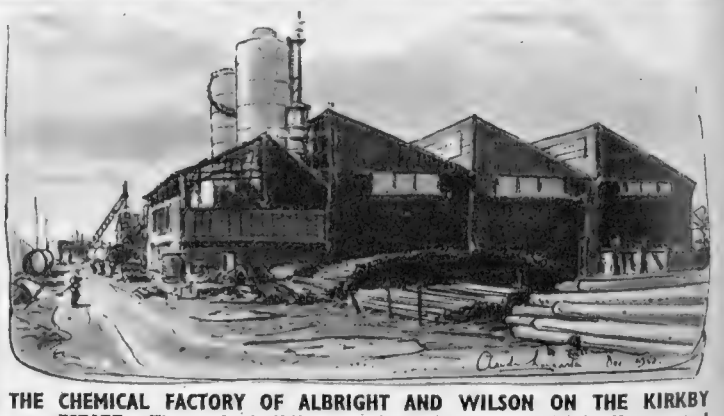
Liverpool is the home of Littlewood's and Vernon's, two of the leading football pools, and has also other and more direct links with sport. "Across the water" (which is Liverpool idiom for the Cheshire bank of the Mersey) lies Hoylake, with its famous golf-course, while on the northern outskirts of the city is the Aintree racecourse. It also influences the theatre, for a large number of the most accomplished actors and actresses of to-day first learned their craft in repertory at the charming Playhouse in Williamson Square: among them Michael Redgrave, Robert Donat, Herbert Lomas, Diana Wynyard, Rex Harrison, Marjorie Fielding and Cecil Parker.

Liverpool can be considered from numerous aspects, but those which matter most are those which concern shipping. Marine engineering and insurance are basic activities, together with the equipment, provisioning and repair of ships. Many of the manufactures owe their existence to the estuary, because the raw materials can be delivered from the dock within an hour or two, and the finished products shipped as readily and economically.

The ships, the docks and the warehouses which are fundamental to Liverpool can all be seen from the Landing Stage, itself a vast craft at permanent moorings: great liners furnished luxuriously; "banana boats" from the West Indies; cold-storage ships and ships bringing in cargoes of timber, palm oil, hides, ore, grain, molasses, spirits: other ships setting sail for one or other, and sometimes more than one, of the continents, many with cargoes worth more than £1,000,000. Manchester pipes off its own trade along the Ship Canal, which begins at Runcorn; and Southampton, has attracted some of the larger liners on the New York route, but so vast and complex is the traffic of the Mersey estuary that many who work there will proudly claim they have never noticed the difference.

To most Liverpool people, the Landing Stage is the start and finish of another traffic, cutting across the deep-water channel of the ocean-going ships. One can travel by car or cycle through the Tunnel, or in an upholstered coach through the much older tunnel of the Mersey Railway, but the best way is still, literally, "across the water" by ferry-boat. These boats are, in fact, ships, double-decked above water, each able to carry about 1,000 passengers. They are said to be the biggest and fastest of their kind in the world. The ferry-boats can properly be called the pride of Merseyside, and it is no wonder that so many people use them not merely on necessary journeys but for the sheer pleasure of the trip.

THIS IS THE POINT OF CONVERGENCE FOR ALL SHIPS OF ANY SIZE ENTERING OR LEAVING LIVERPOOL: The Bar Lightship is one of the most powerful and best-equipped in the world. The source of light is a 1,000-watt electric globe, with a candle-power of 124,000, giving a white triple-group flash every thirty seconds. *On right*—The Coburg Dock. This is part of the extensive southern system of docks in Liverpool.



THE CHEMICAL FACTORY OF ALBRIGHT AND WILSON ON THE KIRKBY ESTATE: The main building consists of a hangar originally erected at Windermere for Short Bros. *On left*—**LEVELLING LAND FOR STANDARD MOTORS:** The Kirkby estate is one of several of a similar nature backed by the Liverpool Corporation as an insurance, in part, against the day when there might be a shipping slump.

MORE STREET DECORATIONS FOR THE CORONATION—HOLBORN COUNCIL TRY OUT DESIGNS FOR LAMP STANDARDS: The pictures *on the left* and *on the right* show variations of a similar design using a golden coronet and a golden crown respectively. The twisted streamers are of blue contrasted with either robe-red or bunting yellow. *In the centre* is a lamp standard decorated with the Royal Cypher, against a robe-red background, and surmounted by plumes of turquoise blue. The London boroughs are now busying themselves with decoration experiments, and a spirit of friendly competition for the best designs has already been noticed between them. The Royal Borough of Kensington has adopted motifs from the Borough coat-of-arms and Sir Hugh Casson has submitted plans for the Coronation route in Westminster.

A TURQUOISE-BLUE CORONET FOR A LAMP STANDARD: This is one of the styles of coronation street decorations which were tried out by Holborn Borough Council.

PREPARING FOR THE CORONATION

Street Decorations, Flags and Swords

MONDAY MORNING RED, WHITE AND BLUES—FLAGS FOR THE CORONATION BEING HUNG OUT TO DRY ABOVE THE SNOW-COVERED GROUND AT ROCHFORD, ESSEX: These girls are hanging out miles of flags produced by a small family textile firm for use during the Coronation. Mr. William Parrack, who runs the firm, hopes to produce many thousands of flags by April. There are Union Jacks, Ensigns and emblems for Scotland, Ireland, and Wales.

CORONATION ORDERS FOR THE WILKINSON SWORD COMPANY: Mrs. May Fry is seen polishing R.A.F. Air Marshals' ceremonial swords at the Wilkinson factory in Acton, London, where orders for over 2,000 swords for the Coronation have already been placed.

FROM THE WHITE HEAT OF THE FORGE TO THE GLEAM OF POLISHED STEEL: Mr. Louis Cole, of Hounslow, a hammerman at the Wilkinson Sword factory in London, working at his forge. *On left*—Mr. Herbert McNab polishing Yeoman Warders' "partisans." These were returned to the factory for cypher alteration and renovation. The Wilkinson factory is producing about 100 ceremonial swords a week in preparation for the Coronation. They are mainly for officers of the Household Cavalry and the Yeomen of the Guard, but many orders have been received from dignitaries and officers overseas.

A NEW YEAR MEET OF THE COWDRAY AT CHILGROVE, SITUATED IN THE HEART OF THE SUSSEX DOWNS: The hounds moving off to draw followed by many members of the Pony Club, which is doing much to sustain the interest of younger people in this fine pack. In the background of this picture is the old inn, The Cricketers, of which mine host is B.B.C. producer John Forman, who took over recently.

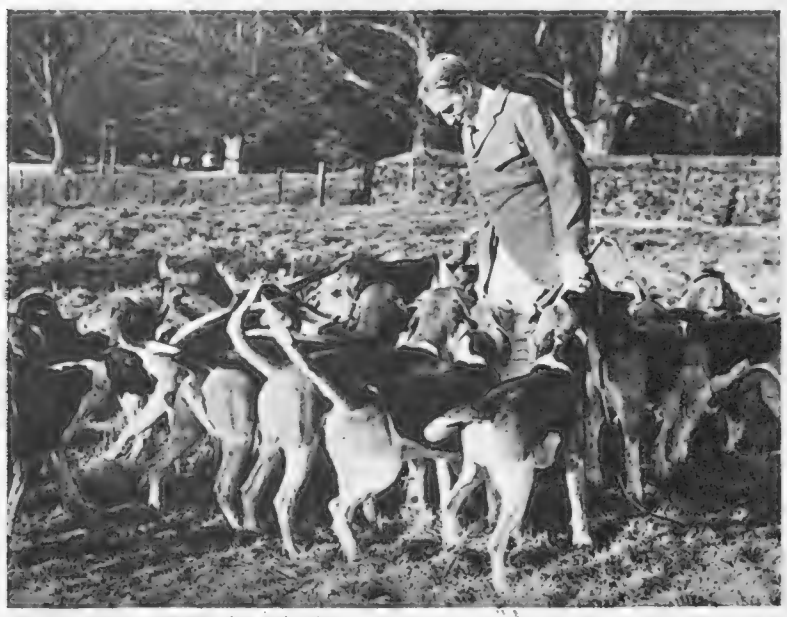
HUNTING RETAINS ITS ANCIENT VIGOUR

The Sport is Hard Up and has Many Problems, but there is No Diminution in the Number of Hunts, and More and More People are Being Encouraged to Follow Hounds

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

TRADITIONALLY our local hounds meet on Boxing Day on the Green on the outskirts of a small country town situated almost at the centre of their country. The Green is a triangular stretch of turf bounded on the one side by an "A" trunk road, and on the other by a minor road, which now leads to an aerodrome and so carries almost as much traffic as the major road. The third side of the triangle is formed by a short row of cottages and an inn. From the publicity point of view there could not be a better place for a holiday meet, and this one is always very well attended.

This season—and it was a beastly day, with a penetrating north-east wind carrying a thin sleet—the crowd was larger than usual, larger than I have seen since the war. At first sight, this is surely rather surprising. Fox-hunting has had some very hard things said about it in recent years, and fox-hunters have been painted as little better than sadists. The vast majority of the people who attend Boxing Day meets are not hunting people, and one would have thought that it would have been among such people that the incessant (but ill-informed) propaganda of the anti-sport bodies would have had its greatest effect. That is certainly not so here. Most of the townspeople seemed to have turned out despite the weather, and both roads for a long way past the Green in both directions were lined with cars. People had come from miles around to see this meet.



THE HOUNDS GREET THE MASTER: The Earl of Dalkeith, Joint-Master of the Duke of Buccleuch's, seen at a recent meet at Eildon Hall, near Melrose. This pack was established by Walter, fifth Duke of Buccleuch, who took over the country from George Baillie, of Mellerstain, which the latter had hunted from about 1787.

Of course, a meet is a free spectacle. And it is well known that the English will go miles to see something for nothing. But they will not do so in really foul weather unless they feel strongly about it. There is a stronger reason for attendance at meets than the lure of a free spectacle. There is no sport with its roots deeper in the hearts of countrymen than fox-hunting. And there are few townsmen, even in our urban civilisation, more than a generation or two removed from the soil of the countryside. Fox-hunting is very much alive. That it is alive at all in these days is astonishing, and proof of the strength of its roots.

But then pessimists have been predicting the death of fox-hunting for almost forty years. The Golden Age of fox-hunting was some time between 1860 and 1905, and the afterglow lasted until 1914. Times were good then, and the hunt secretary's job a grand one and a comparatively easy one. There were no tarmac roads, there were fewer railways, and very few motor-cars; there was no wire, and little or no artificial manure in use; there was less taxation, and this meant long masterships; the great estates had not been broken up. Yet even then there were pessimists. There were many who saw in the coming of the railways the death of fox-hunting. There were many who saw in the advent of Lloyd George the death that somehow had not come with the railways. And with the outbreak of war in 1914 there were many who were convinced that though Britain would survive, fox-hunting would not. And the longer the war continued, the more convinced they became.

In fact, fox-hunting did more than survive; it became more popular than ever before. There were still the pessimists who bemoaned the railways, and they were soon joined by others who saw in each new development—tarmac roads, wire, agricultural depression, the spread of small-holdings, the sprawl of towns, mechanisation, the electrification of railways and so on—the inevitable end. Actually, the great increase in the popularity of the sport did much more harm than all the other factors put together. Fields became terribly overcrowded—I remember counting 502 riders at one Saturday meet in the Midlands in the '30's—and most of these riders came from distant parts. They had no stake in the country over which they rode, and they cared little what damage they did. Most of them had, as a matter of fact, little interest in fox-hunting: they were out for the ride and for social prestige.

Now, Saturday was the farmer's worst day. His men finish at noon. This meant that he had to fill in gaps in hedges, shepherd stray stock, and a hundred-and-one other things by himself. He may have known that gaps are not made by the huntsman nor by the Master, nor by the whips, nor even by the first flight, but by the army bringing up the rear and treading the gap made by one of themselves ever wider; he may have known, probably did, but the sight of a big gap and some straying cattle soon banished the knowledge. The life of a hunt secretary with a fashionable Midland hunt must in that period have been trying indeed, for though there was money still about, there was only just enough to cover expenses.

Then came the war, and once more the pessimists were in full cry. And, indeed, there were times during the war when it seemed that events would prove their worst fears to be well founded, times when it seemed very unlikely that hounds could continue to be fed.

Yet, when at last the war ended, nearly all the recognised packs had survived, though in sadly depleted form. That they had done so was due to the whole-hearted support of the farmers and to help from the Ministry of Agriculture. It was really the agricultural community, past wrongs forgotten, that saved fox-hunting during the Second World War.

But it would be idle to pretend that fox-hunting has not greatly changed throughout its structure. It has changed even as a spectacle. Our local hunt has never been a fashionable one. But it could, between the wars, have been taken as an average three-day-a-week provincial country. You would then at a Boxing Day meet have seen a fair sprinkling of "pink" and a very well-turned-out field. It is still a three-day-a-week country, more or less, but the fields (which were never large) are much smaller and not nearly so well turned out. You may see a couple of pink coats now, and they are far from new. And looking at the field at the meet you cannot fail to notice certain things. The art of tying a stock seems to have been lost. There used to be a saying that the shape of a hunting hat altered each year at the dictation of a famous London hat-maker, which is the same as saying that the fashionable had a new hat every year. To-day, most of the women wear hunting-caps, and a distressing number of them seem to find it necessary to wear an elastic band under the chin. The rest make their hats last and disregard fashion altogether. Hunting boots now are as often as not dubbined, and there are signs that saddle-soap is not as plentiful as once it was. Clothes do not fit as well as they might because, in many cases, in most cases, they are bought ready-made. And yet the field does not look shabby, just a little unfashionable.

There are a few, I know, who look on these austerity turn-outs with dismay and dislike. Such people are living in a world that has gone, and gone for the lifetime of the youngest now hunting. Hunting has always cost money. It costs rather more than double to-day what it did in 1938, and for most people real income to-day is little more than half what it was in 1938—and my own pocket tells me that at that I am putting it too high. Something has got to be given up if you really want to hunt.

But the fall in the value of money goes much deeper than that, of course. Broadly speaking, it has put an end to long masterships. There are still a few of the famous family hunts—hunts where the mastership has rested with the head of one family for years past—and matters are different in Ireland, but for the most part the mastership of a hunt in these days changes more frequently than is good for the sport. And I suspect that it is becoming more and more difficult to find the right type of man.

Again, the fall in the value of money has meant severe cuts in hunt staffs. Our local hunt in 1938 was well staffed. The Master hunted hounds himself, had two professional whippers-in, a kennel-man and a boy, strappers, and so on. The old-fashioned strapper seems to have disappeared. In any case, I doubt if you could get a strapper for £5 a week in this part of the world to-day, as against £2 a week in 1938, and all other wages have risen too. Now, there is a whipper-in-cum-kennel-huntsman, and a couple of girls in the stables. Not only wages have risen. The price of fodder is, compared with 1938, prohibitive. So there are fewer horses in the hunt stables. But the hunt goes on.

A STIRRUP CUP AT A MEET OF THE WEST NORFOLK: Major Robert Hoare, M.C., Master of the Hunt, looks on as the Hon. Mrs. R. Scott takes a glass of wine at a New Year meet at Harpley Dams House, near Sandringham.

There are some compensations, of course. But money still remains the great problem. Fortunately, hunt races have become more popular than ever before. It would not be too much to say that the point-to-point has become the chief source of income for the majority of hunts. Another way of raising money is the "dance"—not to be confused with the hunt ball! In some parts of the country village and town "hops," with tickets at around 2s. 6d. and 5s., are held regularly for the hunt funds, and are very popular. For that matter, there has been a profound change in the nature of many hunt balls. No longer are these confined mainly to members of the hunt and their friends and held in large private houses. They are held in town halls and similar places, and are open to anybody with the price of the ticket and the right clothes. I suppose that every hunting-man must regret the passing of the old and gracious hunt ball, but I have no sympathy at all with those who decry the new type and loudly condemn the "hop." They might just as well refuse admission to hunt races to the non-hunting public, and stop selling race-cards. Hunting cannot exist without money. It seems to me that the "hop" is a most excellent way of raising it, for at the same time it brings the hunt to the notice of people who might otherwise remain quite unaware of its existence.

THE YOUNG IDEA IN HUNTING: Priscilla Seward on Merina at the recent children's holiday meet of the Essex and Suffolk at Colchester Barracks, Essex.

Money has also brought about a marked change in hunting practice. No longer is agriculture depressed. Farmers, no matter how much they may grumble, are prosperous (among the most prosperous people in the whole country) and farming practice has intensified. The chief sign of this, so far as the fox-hunter is concerned, is wire. Wire is the bane of the fox-hunter, but a good friend to the farmer. I have heard some hunting folk talk of increasing the wire fund and of opening up the country again. That is mere nonsense. There is going to be more and more wire everywhere. The old craftsmen who could cut and lay a hedge are fast disappearing, and they are not being replaced. On the contrary, hedges are being grubbed up all over the country. There is, too, the shortage of labour on the land. So far as the farmer is concerned, the answer to all this is wire.

Intensified agriculture has also meant the increased use of artificial manures, and the increased use of tractors and other mechanised contraptions, and the appearance of tarred roads in the most unlikely places. I do not think that there can be the slightest doubt that all these things have affected scent a great deal.

I have heard it suggested that they also affect the fox. The idea is that they confine the fox to a more restricted area—not liking petrol fumes and highways and so forth he sticks more closely to the country he knows. It is true that foxes no longer seem to make the points they used to do. Certainly fields no longer get the long gallops that history records. Foxes, it would seem, do run much shorter. But, for myself, I do not believe this to be true. Foxes have taken to living in the neighbourhood of towns, even right inside towns, and this does not suggest any marked dislike of petrol fumes or busy highways. If the fox does run short nowadays in many countries, it is because he has no need to do anything else. But I do not think that foxes do run short nearly as often as one might think. I believe that often the fox runs but scent is obscured.

The fact is that *Goodall's Practice* is out of date. The modern huntsman's task is very much more difficult. It would not be too much to say that the modern huntsman, if he is to kill foxes, has got to be much more skilful than the huntsman of pre-war days.

I am very far from depressed about fox-hunting. That there are great difficulties ahead is beyond question, but, surely, the sport will surmount them as it has all difficulties in the past. Indeed, I think that the outlook for the sport is brighter now than it has been for many years past. It might have been thought that with intensified agriculture farmers would not like to see the hunt on their land. But more and more farmers hunt, and while that is so, hunting will flourish. Moreover, the pony clubs produce annually a splendid young entry, properly taught, children who almost certainly would never have hunted at all but for the club. The roots are deep. They are also spreading.

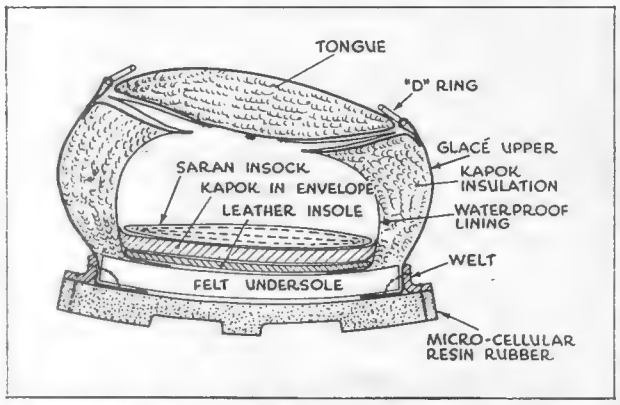
THE SOUTH OXFORDSHIRE HIT THE HARD HIGH ROAD: The pack moving off after meeting in Thame High Street. Tarmac is still the terror of the hunt, but when meets take place in towns, roadwork becomes essential. Horses these days are much more traffic-conscious than they were in the early years of the internal combustion engine.

SURVIVAL IN THE SNOW

New-style Boots for the Everest Expedition and an American "Survival Suit"

SCOTLAND'S ARCTIC JANUARY

THE NEW-STYLE BOOTS WHICH ARE TO BE USED BY BRITISH CLIMBERS ON THE LAST 6,000 FT. OF THE FORTHCOMING EVEREST EXPEDITION : The boots are of novel design, with no nails, soles of artificial rubber and uppers of glacé kid insulated with nearly an inch of kapok. They were designed by scientists of the British Boot, Shoe and Allied Trades Research Association at Kettering, at the request of the expedition leaders. The boots, which weigh 2 lb. 4 ozs. less than the reindeer-skin boots of Continental manufacture worn by the last expeditions, will be neither durable nor waterproof, for they will have to survive only a few days' wear and the temperatures are so low that water is not likely to be encountered. Efficient thermal insulation and light weight are the essentials, but the boots must be sufficiently strong and well-fitting to permit safe foothold on dangerous surfaces. The leaders of the expedition say that boots are second only to oxygen equipment in importance during the final stages of the assault, and that every pound of weight saved in the boots is a saving of 5 lb. of load on the shoulders. The new boots were designed and made in six weeks. Now, thirteen pairs are being made for Europeans in the expedition and twenty pairs for the Sherpas.



A DIAGRAM SHOWING THE VARIOUS COMPONENTS OF THE NEW EVEREST BOOTS : Saron, the insock material, is a synthetic fibre, rather similar to nylon. Early in December these new boots were tried against several other patterns in the high Alps, and members of the forthcoming Everest expedition found that they were by far the best.

A CLOUD-SEA FILLING THE VALLEY OF THE DEE—A JANUARY PICTURE SHOWING GLEN DERRY AND THE PEAK OF LOCHNAGAR (LEFT BACKGROUND) AT BALMORAL : This picture was taken on a day of remarkable temperature inversion, when at 4,000 ft. the temperature was 32 degs. F. and at valley level 8 degs. F. Often in extreme cold a mist buries the glens while the high tops bask in sunshine.

A WINTER SCENE IN GLEN BANCHOR OF THE MONADLIATHS, INVERNESS-SHIRE : From Dee to Spey, across the 4,000-ft. peaks of the Cairngorms of Aberdeenshire to the Monadliaths above Glen Banchor, Inverness-shire, conditions for the Scottish New Year holidays could hardly have been better for the small army of skiers and mountaineers who invaded the glens in search of winter sport. The whole Highlands were cloaked in an Alpine mantle and the sun shone with Swiss-like brilliance. Ski sport was at its best, with superb runs over 100 miles of glittering mountains. There were astonishing contrasts, particularly at Deeside, when a cloud-sea buried the glens and the mercury sank to zero. Red deer foraged in hungry herds for food on the low ground, yet had they gone higher they would have been in sunshine, for the temperature inversion made it considerably warmer on the high tops than among the mists of the iron-hard low ground. One skier reported having run down a stag. The animal was running downhill, and so were the skis, rather out of control of their owner. The collision was not very violent, since both were going the same way, but it provided plenty of surprises on both sides.

On left—

A NEW COLD-WEATHER SUIT WHICH HAS BEEN DEVISED FOR THE USE OF AMERICAN TROOPS : Darrell H. Geisler, of Long Beach, California, is seen lying comfortably in the snow in Korea while testing a new cold-weather suit. Geisler, who is a member of the Quartermaster Corps, was wearing nothing but his socks under the suit and said he felt as warm as though he was lying on the sands at home, in the sun of California.

THE SKYMASTER CRASH IN THE DESERT—THE "GRONINGEN," OF THE ROYAL DUTCH AIR LINES, AFTER IT HAD MADE A FORCED LANDING NEAR DHAHRAN, IN SAUDI ARABIA, WHILE ON A CHARTER FLIGHT FROM LONDON TO KARACHI: The aircraft was damaged but the fifty-six passengers were unhurt. As soon as news of the forced landing was received at Dhahran, a search aircraft with paratroopers on board took off immediately and quickly found the wreckage. The paratroopers jumped, and then radioed back for a rescue helicopter which brought to the scene a flight surgeon. Meanwhile a ground rescue team was sent out overland from Dhahran, and the passengers and crew were brought to safety in cars. Of the fifty-six passengers who were rescued, twelve were taken on to Karachi almost at once in a Constellation aircraft of K.L.M. and later another Constellation picked up the other forty-four. The British passengers in the aircraft, which was on charter to the Government of Pakistan, are employees of Air Service Training Limited, Hamble, and were on their way to take up appointment in one of the two schools which this company has set up at the request of the Government of Pakistan for the use of the Royal Pakistan Air Force.

WRECKED

IN THE ARABIAN DESERT AND ON THE LEBANESE COAST

The Skymaster Crash En Route to Pakistan and the Break-up of the Liner "Champollion" Near Beyrout

THE 12,500-TON LINER "CHAMPOLLION," OF THE MESSAGERIES MARITIMES COMPANY, AFTER IT HAD BROKEN IN TWO ON A SANDBANK 200 YARDS OFF THE COAST OF LEBANON: These pictures were taken a week after the disaster after the hull, battered by the waves, had begun to sink deeper into the sandbank on which the great ship foundered. The total death-roll from the *Champollion* was twenty-one, but thanks to the efforts of a local motor-boat skipper and his brother, everyone else on the ship was brought to safety. The vessel was engaged on a Christmas cruise to the Holy Land at the time of the disaster which overtook her. This twin-screw vessel, built in 1925, was one of the oldest French liners. She cost 150,000,000 francs. An inquiry is being held into the disaster.

THE SCATTERED WRECKAGE OF THE B.E.A. VIKING AIRCRAFT WHICH CRASHED AT NUTT'S CORNER, NEAR BELFAST: Twenty-seven people were killed and eight injured when the Viking, which was on a scheduled flight from Northolt Aerodrome to Nutt's Corner, crashed just short of the aerodrome. Nutt's Corner is about nine miles from Belfast. The aircraft was making a very low approach when it hit a post supporting one of the approach lights a short distance from the runway. It touched down in a field 300 yards short of the runway, where it hit a brick building. Mr. Peter Masefield, B.E.A. Chief Executive Officer, who, with Ministry of Civil Aviation experts, flew to the scene of the crash soon after it was announced, attributed the large number of casualties to the aircraft bursting wide open on hitting the brick building. A number of small fires broke out in the wreckage, which was strewn over an area of 150 yards, but these were quickly brought under control. One engine was thrown over 40 yards and its propeller was found in an adjoining field. A weather report from the R.A.F. station, Aldergrove, which is near Nutt's Corner, stated that at the time of the crash visibility was reduced from eight miles to five-eighths

A SURVEY OF THE HOME NEWS

The Belfast Air Disaster; Cleaning St. James's Park Lake; a Memorial Service for Queen Alexandrine; Houses for Jet Engineers; Awards for London Policemen

ST. JAMES'S PARK LAKE IS CLEANED UP SO THAT IT WILL LOOK ITS BEST FOR THE CORONATION: The men above are busy clearing up the sludge which has accumulated on the bed of the lake in St. James's Park. The lake is "spring-cleaned" at regular intervals; the last time it was cleaned was in 1950. The task of draining the lake and clearing away the sludge takes about a month, but more time is taken if repairs to the bed are necessary. Work has started earlier this year so that the task will be completed for the Coronation.

THE MEMORIAL SERVICE IN LONDON TO QUEEN ALEXANDRINE OF DENMARK: The Duchess of Kent shaking hands with Count Reventlow, the Danish Ambassador, after attending the memorial service at the Danish Church, St. Katharine's, Regent's Park. Next to the Ambassador is the Countess of Athlone. The Queen, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Queen Mary, and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester were represented at the service, which was conducted by the Rev. Jorgen A. Wichmann. Queen Alexandrine was the elder daughter of the Grand Duke Friedrich Franz III of Mecklenburg-Schwerin by his marriage to the Grand Duchess Anastasia of Russia. She married Crown Prince Christian, eldest son of King Frederik VIII of Denmark, who succeeded his father in 1912.

THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF ATHLONE ARRIVING FOR THE MEMORIAL SERVICE TO QUEEN ALEXANDRINE: Also present were Admiral the Hon. Sir Alexander and Lady Patricia Ramsay, Major-General Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher, and Prince and Princess Frederick of Prussia

A HOUSING ESTATE WHICH IS BEING BUILT FOR JET ENGINEERS AT BROCKWORTH, IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE: The houses, which in this partly-finished condition resemble brick-kilns, are being built for the workers of the Brockworth Engineering Company, who are to manufacture the Armstrong-Siddeley Sapphire engines. The houses seen above are in the first stage of construction, which is being carried out by Hawksley Constructions. It is hoped that they will be ready in the near future.

THE HOUSES ON THE ESTATE NEAR BROCKWORTH, GLOUCESTERSHIRE, NEARING COMPLETION: This picture shows the houses in two distinct stages of their construction. The appearance of the houses is traditional, but they are largely prefabricated. The house seen in the centre of this photograph has just had the inner shell erected around the chimney-stacks. These inner shells are factory-made. The next stage in the completion of the house will be the addition of the brick outer shell. Hawksley Constructions are to build 500 houses on this estate, and it is hoped that the houses will attract skilled labour to the engineering works. The houses will be attractive and in all respects will be competitive with other types of houses.

INTRICATE WORK OF DISMANTLING THE BAILEY BRIDGE ACROSS THE THAMES STILL GOES ON: The task of dismantling the Bailey Bridge, which was built by the Army for the Festival of Britain, began last October when the approach platform over the Victoria Embankment was taken down. The approach platform on the South Bank proved a much more difficult task, as the work on the bridge had to be dovetailed with the dismantling of the Regatta Restaurant, on which that end of the bridge rested. It is expected that the job will take seven months to complete.

SIR HAROLD SCOTT, THE METROPOLITAN POLICE COMMISSIONER, CONGRATULATING MEMBERS OF THE FORCE WHO HAVE BEEN DECORATED FOR BRAVERY IN THE CROYDON SHOOTING CASE: In this picture are (from left to right) Sir Harold Scott; Police Constable N. Harrison, who has been awarded the George Medal; Detective-Sergeant F. W. Fairfax, who receives the George Cross, the highest decoration for civilian gallantry; Police Constable J. C. McDonald, George Medal; and Police Constable R. J. W. Jaggs, British Empire Medal. The posthumous award of the King's Police Medal to Police Constable S. G. Miles, shot dead in the battle with the boy-gunman, Craig, was also announced. The citation states: "The police officers acted in the highest tradition of the Metropolitan Police Force and gave no thought to their own safety in their efforts to effect the arrest of armed and dangerous criminals. Detective-Constable Fairfax repeatedly risked death or serious injury and although wounded did not give up until the criminals were safely in charge of the police."

"OLE BILL"—A MOTOR-BUS FROM BYGONE DAYS—"ON DUTY" AGAIN IN THE LONDON STREETS: This mechanical veteran of the 1914-18 war, which served in France as a troop transport, trundled through the Metropolis again last week. The bus was "on duty" for the funeral of Mr. George Penny, aged seventy-eight, who during the First World War took troops to the front in London buses. The funeral took place at Hemel Hempstead, Herts., so "Ole Bill" had quite an outing.

OXFORD PREPARE FOR THE BOAT RACE: Some of the men from whom the Oxford crew for the Boat Race will be chosen are seen on their first practice row on the River Isis for this season. A short time before Christmas the teams of both Universities held their trial eights race on the River Thames.

ANIMAL DRAWINGS THROUGH THREE CENTURIES

An Important Loan Exhibition is Held in London to Aid a Charitable Cause

Quite the most entertaining and instructive art exhibition, dealing with a single aspect of artistic endeavour across three centuries, is the exhibition of Animal Drawings now taking place at the galleries of P. and D. Colnaghi. The Italian, German and Dutch schools of the seventeenth century are all represented, with such distinguished names as Adriaen van de Velde, Peter Paul Rubens, Aelbert Cuyp and Cornelis Saftleven prominent in the catalogue. In the English school of the eighteenth century there is a Thomas Gainsborough study of a sleeping dog, and a lion drawing by the great George Stubbs. Needless to say, no such collection would be complete without a Landseer, and there are six of them in this exhibition, also some fine studies by Birket Foster. Altogether this is an outstanding display. One problem has faced the organisers of the exhibition, and that is identification. Here Dr. Burton and his colleagues of the Natural History Museum have come to their aid by identifying certain of the more obscure types of animal and bird shown in the various paintings and drawings. The dogs have presented peculiar difficulties, for breeds have changed markedly in recent years, Spaniels in particular.

"A DROMEDARY," BY JOHN FREDERICK LEWIS, R.A.: This black chalk drawing by a Royal Academician of Victorian days is included in the important loan exhibition of Animal Drawings Through Three Centuries which is now taking place at the Bond Street Galleries of Colnaghi and Co., being held to aid the funds of the London Federation of Boys' Clubs. The drawings are from the collection of Sir Bruce S. Ingram.

"SCOPOLI'S PARROT," BY ISAAC SPACKMAN: There is an inscription on the back of this water-colour to the effect that "it was taken from the dried bird which was exhibited at Spring Gardens in the year 1765."

TWO STUDIES OF THE HEAD OF AN IMPALA BUCK: This sketch was the work of William Daniell, R.A., who lived between the years 1769 and 1837.

"A DONKEY," BY CORNELIS SAFTLEVEN: This picture in black chalk and grey wash bears the artist's initials.

AN EDIBLE OR FAT DORMOUSE AND A COMMON DORMOUSE: This drawing in pen and water-colour heightened with white belongs to the Italian School of the seventeenth century.

"STUDIES OF THE HEAD OF A COW," BY FRANCESCO LONDONIO: This is another eighteenth-century work in the loan exhibition at Colnaghi's in aid of the London Federation of Boys' Clubs. It is done in oil on paper. The size is 8¼ by 15¾.

THE HEAD OF A FOXHOUND: A magnificent example of the art of Sir David Wilkie, R.A.

Preparing the World's Largest Liner for

CORONATION YEAR TRAFFIC

OVERHAULING AND ALTERING THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH" IN DRY DOCK AT SOUTHAMPTON

In Coronation year the North Atlantic route will be at its busiest, and the *Queen Elizabeth*, the world's largest liner, will be operating once again the all-important express shuttle service between New York and Southampton, bringing Americans in their thousands to see the great days of pageantry in London. The *Queen Elizabeth* is not only being overhauled in every department, an annual undertaking involving the employment of 2,000 men, but a conversion is being made to increase the oil storage capacity, so that more fuel can be bought on one side of the Atlantic than on the other, according to where it is cheapest. Air-conditioning plant, which hitherto has been limited to the first-class public rooms, is also being extended to tourist state-rooms on one deck. To make way for the additional oil the tanks used to store boiler-feed water are being converted to hold an additional 1,000 tons of fuel oil.

Because of the Coronation it is expected that passengers will begin to cross the Atlantic earlier than usual this year, and Cunard-White Star bookings are already heavy. Competition from the express liner the *United States*, holder of the Blue Riband, is not likely to be felt to any great degree.

LOOKING ALONG THE BOAT-DECK OF THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH": The world's largest liner seen in dry-dock at Southampton, where she is undergoing annual overhaul and considerable alterations to fit her for the extra pressure of Atlantic traffic during the course of Coronation year. In the background is seen the *Mauretania*.

On left—
TWO OF THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH'S" GIANT PROPELLERS: The massive screws seen as they were removed from the liner in dry-dock prior to inspection and re-polishing. This annual overhaul of the *Queen Elizabeth* includes scraping and painting.

On right—
AT WORK ON THE ANCHOR CHAINS: This is just one of the many tasks which are keeping 2,000 men employed on overhauling the great liner.

SCRAPING AND CLEANING THE TURBINE BLADES: The main propelling machinery and the electrical generating plant—powerful enough to light a town the size of Canterbury—are being thoroughly checked during the overhaul.

WORKERS GOING "ASHORE" FROM THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH" AFTER WORKING IN THE DRY DOCK: One of the biggest tasks in this overhaul is the scraping and the repainting of underwater parts of the hull, covering 15,000 square yards.

BETTER ROADS MEAN BETTER MOTORING

In the Latest Report Issued by the Road Research Laboratory, it is Stated that an Inquiry is to be Made into the Cost of Traffic Delays on Congested Roads

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

TUCKED away in the Road Research Laboratory's latest report, which covers their work in 1951, I found a number of interesting titbits. One was the news that an investigation into the cost of traffic delays has been started.

I do not know what form this inquiry is taking, but I consider this to be a valuable move. Have you ever stopped to think what an enormous waste of petrol, oil, man-hours and vehicle-hours must be involved in the traffic jams that occur all too frequently in the streets of our cities and towns?

It is a good thing to remember this wastage when anyone tells you that Britain cannot afford a big road reconstruction scheme. The figures the Road Research Laboratory should be able to produce as a result of their investigation may well show that Britain cannot afford not to have a modern road system.

The time and money saved by the full-scale modernisation of Britain's main roads and by ensuring an adequate traffic flow through our congested cities and towns would go a long way towards paying for the work.

Take the road from London to Birmingham. In the course of a series of articles on Britain's obsolete road system, a writer in the *News-Chronicle* recently stated that a modern double-track motorway between London and Birmingham would save £15,000 a mile every year by cutting out the present waste of petrol, the squandering of time and engine wear in traffic jams.

If that figure is anything like correct, it would mean an overall saving of £1,500,000 a year. What the Government fails to realise, seemingly, is that there are to-day 4,500,000 vehicles using the roads of Britain—one for every 70 yards of road or city street.

I wonder what happened to that splendid official plan produced six years ago to give Britain a real system of motorways? No doubt it was pigeonholed and forgotten by an administration that did not have the courage to do anything about it.

If that was the fault of the Socialists, neither can the present Government be held blameless for their apparent apathy so far as this vital subject is concerned. For how much longer will motorists as a body be content to be squeezed like a sponge where taxation is concerned and still put up with inadequate roads which waste their time, kill their friends in avoidable accidents and hamper the country's economic machine?

It is estimated that in the twelve months ending on March 31 next, British motorists and the owners of commercial vehicles will have had to pay something like £335,000,000 in various forms of taxation: vehicle tax, driving licences, petrol and oil tax and purchase tax.

Yet during the same period only £67,000,000 will have been spent on road maintenance, and £34,000,000 of it will have come out of local rates, to which the motorist and truck owner have to contribute like anyone else. That is enough figures for now—but watch out for the Road Research Laboratory's cost-of-congestion statistics.

I have room to refer to only one other item in the Road Research Laboratory's report. It concerns stop-lights, and suggests there might be fewer cases of vehicles running into the back of others if the red warning light at the back of the car in front were automatically operated by taking your foot off the accelerator pedal instead of by putting it on the foot-brake.

An investigation carried out by the Army Operational Research Group showed that a red warning light operated by the foot-brake reduces by nearly 0.7 seconds the average time taken by the driver of a following vehicle to realise that the car or lorry in front was slowing down.

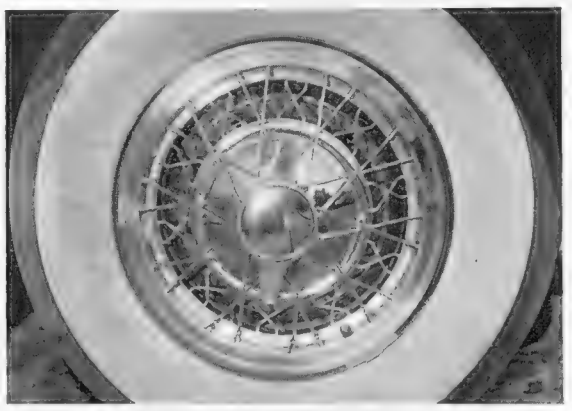
An additional warning time of 0.3 seconds—making a full second in all—could be gained if the warning light came on as soon as the driver took his foot off the accelerator pedal instead of coming on when he stepped on his foot-brake. A second may not seem a long time, but it means quite a few feet at even relatively low speeds, and could make all the difference between a safe pull-up by following traffic and an expensive crash.

Log-books, driving licences and insurance certificates continue to make the motorist a much-documented person. It used to be much worse, of course, when we had to fiddle—a choice of word perhaps unfortunate in this context!—with basic petrol coupons and "supplementaries." And now a new document has appeared on the motoring scene to compensate us for the loss of the fuel ration tickets.

It is the "Green Card," and it is a product of the Economic Commission for Europe. It is to do with insurance. If you are going abroad this year, you will be able to get one from your broker. Its official name is the "International Motor Insurance Card," and it provides indemnity against all compulsorily insurable liabilities to third parties in any country which has agreed to operate the scheme.

The enterprising Rootes Group have been experimenting with the air transportation of "C.K.D." cars—and the initials, in case you don't know, mean "Completely Knocked Down." It is a trade term for the packaging into special crates of all the parts needed to assemble a car at its destination, and forms a vital feature of Britain's car export business.

THIS SCOTTISH FERRY BRIDGE IS SOON TO BE OPEN CONTINUOUSLY FOR BOTH ROAD AND RAIL TRAFFIC: The Connel ferry bridge, owned by British Railways, which carries the Ballachulish branch railway line and the main road from Oban to the North of Scotland across the sea at Loch Etive, will soon be open to traffic throughout the day and night. At present the bridge is closed between 11 p.m. and 7 a.m. and persons wishing to use it during the closed period have to give notice to the stationmaster at Connel. The opening of the bridge during the silent hours is being made in view of the greatly increased vehicular traffic using the bridge and the strong representations made by industrialists in North Argyll for the removal of some of the traffic restrictions.



AMERICAN MOTOR-CAR MANUFACTURERS ADOPT WIRE-WHEEL HUBS TO COUNTERACT THE PRESENT DEMAND FOR WIRE WHEELS PRODUCED IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES: The wire wheel hub, which has been produced by the Calnevar Company of Los Angeles, and which, when fitted, gives the same effect as a wire wheel, costs far less than the foreign-produced wheel. The latter retails at about £230, while the hub costs about £40.

The Rootes' experiment concerned the delivery of Hillman Minx cars from Elmdon Airport, Birmingham, to Dublin. By road and sea the normal delivery time is two days. Using a Bristol Freighter operated by Aer Lingus, six Minxes were delivered to Dublin in 1 hour 20 mins. It will be interesting to see if the idea develops.

Monte Carlo Rally competitors are off next Tuesday. There is a record number of 114 British entries this year out of a record total of 440 from eight nations. Fifty-five different makes of car will be taking part, including no fewer than twenty-five British makes. Australia is represented for the first time in the history of the Rally by its own car—the Holden.

British chances of winning the Rally for the second year running are rated high, but the "Monte" is about the most unpredictable of all the rallies. Only one driver has won it twice in successive years: M. Vasselle, in 1932 and 1933. He used a Hotchkiss in both years. Prior to Sydney Allard's fine win in one of his own saloons last year, no Briton had triumphed since Donald Healey gained the first prize in 1931 in a 4.5-litre Invicta. Only British winner before then was the Hon. Victor Bruce (A.C.) in 1926.

Britain has a strong entry of all-women teams, and it will be interesting to see if one of them can win the coveted Coupé des Dames. If they do, it will be the first time a British woman entrant has succeeded for twenty-one years—and that would parallel in a strange way Sydney Allard's outright win last year, which was the first British absolute win for twenty-one years.

A recent Singer announcement can be regarded as another straw blowing in the motor-trade wind. Following the big price-cut decided upon by the Standard Motor Co. for its current Vanguard saloon—an improved model is expected soon—Singers have reduced their standard 1500 saloon by £22 on the basic price from £725 to £70 . This cuts the total cost (including purchase tax) from £1,129 5s. 6d. to £1,095, which makes an overall reduction of £34 5s. 6d.)

The 1500 fitted with the two-carburetter engine is now available for the old price of the standard model (£1,129). Singers also announced that their 1½-litre Roadster, hitherto reserved for export, is now available on the home market, the price (including £290 tax) being £810.

In common with other firms, Singers have been hit by the export difficulties which developed last year, and at the firm's annual meeting last month, Mr. A. E. Hunt, the chairman, announced that they had decided on a policy of allocating a certain proportion of their capacity and organisation to contract work "not directly related to motor-car production, with a view to providing a cushion against future vicissitudes in the motor industry."

Mr. Hunt went on to make a remark that intrigued me and which might be taken as a hint that Singers are contemplating the production of a smaller family car. "We do not lack confidence," he said, "in our ability to acclimatise ourselves to the changed circumstances of producing motor vehicles more in line with demand, side by side with other engineering work."

Since I recorded in my last Notes that Mr. George Hinchliffe had broken his own London-to-the-Cape record by completing the 10,500-miles journey in a new Humber Super-Snipe in under two weeks, he and his co-drivers (Bob Walshaw and Charles Longman) have made a gallant bid to make an equally fast return journey without stopping to overhaul their 4-litre saloon, even though it had had to average 32 miles an hour day and night continuously for thirteen days on the outward run.

Stopping in Cape Town for only thirty-three hours, the Yorkshiremen were hoping to get back to England in time for their Christmas dinner. They looked like doing it, too, until they fell victims to the remorseless Sahara, biggest desert in the world. Three times in two nights their sump was ripped open by wicked rocks as they plunged over the loose desert sand. twice they got going again after Longman, the mechanic of the party, had soldered the hole. But on the third occasion too much damage was caused by lack of oil before they discovered they had been holed yet again.

The Silver City plane that had been waiting at Algiers to whisk them over the Mediterranean to Marseilles flew into the desert to pick them up and carry them back to England. It was a noble failure, which served to emphasise the measure of their success on the outward journey.

It was an achievement that should do much to counter the silly idea that British cars do not stand up to Africa's rough roads—and often complete lack of them—as well as American models do. Already the Rootes Group have received an order for forty of the new Snipes from a distributor in the Belgian Congo who cabled: "If your car can do what we have seen with our own eyes, that's the car for Africa."

THE WINDSORS HOLD A CHARITY BALL

And the Duchess of Windsor Displays a Paris Gown in the Parade of Fashions in Aid of Wounded Ex-Servicemen

THE DUCHESS OF WINDSOR LEADS THE FASHION PARADE: Modelling a Paris gown, priced at £430, a masterpiece in stiff coral silk with a bouffant skirt parting over a white underdress embroidered with coral and gold. Leading the Duchess round the ballroom at the Waldorf-Astoria was Prince Serge Obolensky, and following them were American society leaders, all acting as models. The occasion, billed as the Duchess of Windsor Ball, was planned by that ace party-giver, Elsa Maxwell.

THE DUKE TOURS THE TABLES: The Duke of Windsor is seen in conversation with Mr. James P. Donahue and Mrs. Lytle Hull, co-chairmen of the Duchess of Windsor's Ball, which was held in the ballroom at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York on behalf of wounded ex-Servicemen.

VIGOROUS APPLAUSE FROM THE DUKE OF WINDSOR: The Duke was at the top of his form. He danced a polka with the Duchess and later they danced to the Windsor Waltz, composed specially for the occasion. There were 1,200 guests at the Waldorf-Astoria and the value of the jewels on display was estimated at some £750,000. Beatrice Lillie and Ethel Merman were among the entertainers.

On left—

THE DUCHESS OF WINDSOR IN THE CENTRE OF THE TABLEAU: Surrounded by a court of handsome young members of New York society dressed in the height of fashion, the Duchess posed in the Waldorf-Astoria ballroom at the climax of the ball. Details of the Paris gown worn by the Duchess were kept secret until the last moment. The gown was trimmed in gold, silver and real coral.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

VANDENBERG'S VOLTE-FACE FOR VICTORY

The Son of One of America's Leading Republican Politicians Collates and Edits His Father's Private Papers

SENATOR VANDENBERG, who died two years ago, was one of America's leading Republican politicians, known in his youth for the purple patches and "boom-boom" technique of his oratory, in middle career for his spirited opposition to President Roosevelt's New Deal and for his even more outspoken Isolationism, and in his later years as the statesman who put his argument "on ice for the duration," and wrote: "Now we are in it. Nothing matters except *victory*." From December 7, 1941, in fact, he devoted his life to helping to win the war, and when it had been won, to helping to formulate American foreign policy.

THE PRIVATE PAPERS OF SENATOR VANDENBERG (Gollancz. 25s.) have been collated and edited by his son, Mr. Arthur H. Vandenberg, Jnr., who worked for fourteen years with him in his office in the United States Senate, and they consist of extracts from the Senator's diary which he generally used to write up on Sunday afternoons on his own portable typewriter, of his letters, notes, speeches and memoranda, and they are linked by a discreet chain of editorial—and filial—comment. Naturally there is a great deal here that is of the first interest to any student of history or to any intelligent reader, and the comments not only on America but on world affairs are fascinating, and often tinged with the colour of unconscious prophecy.

In his last pencil-written letter that was never completed he wrote: "But what a mess our blessed country is in. (Thank God for Eisenhower!)" And nearly six years before that in his diary: "I think the most valuable man in our entire American set-up has been John Foster Dulles . . . he has perfect poise and patience and good nature. He would make a very great Secretary of State."

An impressive book, and not least impressive in its clear account of the tremendous change in the man which took place on America's entry into the war when Senator Vandenberg changed his mind "with style and dash," as Walter Lippmann said, "and in a mood to shame the devils of his own weakness."

THE STATE THE ENEMY (Ernest Benn. 12s. 6d.) is a magnificently partial statement of what Sir Ernest Benn thinks about Socialism, planning, nationalisation and the cheerful discarding of every basic law of economics. A large public, we are told, already look to Sir Ernest for leadership in their struggle for individual freedom in every department of life. That is quite a statement, and one which we can take it is passed by the author since he presumably holds the right of veto, and could have exercised it if he had disagreed with the "blurb."

Sir Ernest writes of the Welfare State, where "it is almost true to say that there is no need for personal character or individual conscience"; of housing and the nonsense of an Englishman calling his home his castle; of science, fraud, profit and loss, and money. The sole and rather ominous illustration is a reproduction of a 100,000-*kroner* note of the 1922 inflation period in Austria.

COMMEMORATING A FICTIONALLY HISTORIC SPOT IN THE WEST END OF LONDON: Watched by Sherlock Holmes (Mr. Carleton Hobbs), ex-Chief Superintendent of Scotland Yard, Robert Fabian, unveils the plaque outside the Criterion Restaurant in Piccadilly Circus, which records the scene of the meeting between Conan Doyle's two famous characters, Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson. The plaque was the idea of Mr. Richard Hughes, an Australian (now resident in Tokyo) and a Holmes fan.

Mr. Charles Richard Cammell writes like the romantic I am sure he is, and the first volume of his autobiography, which tells the story of his life to the age of forty, is not inappropriately called CASTLES IN THE AIR (Richards Press. 18s.). I read this memoir with interest as one always does, I suppose, when many of the scenes and some of the people described are familiar, and with appreciation too, for the writer's candid sentiment and the kindliness of his memory.

Not everyone will agree with Mr. Cammell's assessment of his friend Aleister Crowley's poetic gifts, or with all his literary judgments, but the charm of the book lies not in these but in the circumstances of the writer's life, whether he created them for himself or relished them when they came about more arbitrarily. In the course of his life, and, indeed, in the part of it here recounted, Mr. Cammell has been a poet, a satirist, essayist, biographer and playwright, a connoisseur of painting, lord of two *châteaux* in Burgundy, and an authority on the literature of the occult. A few years later he was to be *épée* champion of Scotland, and a reader cannot help reflecting that to be an international fencer seems more typical of him than any of his other ploys. When one has added that at one time he was diplomatic agent for an ex-Khedive of Egypt, the picture becomes, if not more distinct, at least more vivid. An unusual book by something of an unusual person.

When I saw that Princess Marthe Bibesco's new book was about the original of Proust's Duchesse de Guermantes, I opened it eagerly, prepared to find a first-hand, unfictional portrait of the lady whom Proust had loved from afar and praised both in his books and his letters. PROUST'S ORIANE (Falcon Press. 12s. 6d.) is, however, thoroughly disappointing, unless one reads it purely as an essay in a certain literary style. As some singers give the impression of listening to their own voices, so Princess Bibesco seems to be writing, choosing her phrases and her quotations, all for her private pleasure. This may show a sensitive feeling for words and their grouping, but it is not necessarily an ideal method of showing what a person was really like. Everyone who enjoys reading Proust's work will want to know about the lady who was an inspiration to him: what she looked like, what she said, word, did, the way she spent her days, her interests and some indication of her own affections. Here, in spite of a revealing and possibly characteristic photograph over which I pored for a long time, there is little to satisfy the reader who feels he has a right to his curiosity.

Princess Bibesco knew the Comtesse de Chevigné and heard Proust's version of her discussed "in the various circles of society which Madame de Chevigné and I frequented," but it is sad to reflect that she has been unable, in spite of her admiration and evident liking for her, to convey the special qualities of what must have been a very remarkable Frenchwoman.

As far as Mr. Peter de Polnay is concerned legend (as Henry Ford once said of history) is the bunk, and in what purports to be *The True Story of Bonnie Prince Charlie*, he proceeds to demonstrate his theory to his own satisfaction, and possibly to the delight of many who hold legend as well as the romantic approach in contempt. Mr. de Polnay shows originality in dealing briefly with the tale of the '45, and in concentrating the greater part of his book on the later years about which less has been written and less still conjectured. This book may not figure as required reading for Jacobites, but it does review the famous subject from a fresh angle.

The appearance of Miss Caryl Brahms' new novel is altogether charming, inside and outside its covers. AWAY WENT POLLY (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.) is the story of a successful French painter of Victorian times, a little reminiscent of Tissot, his pretty but intemperate English mistress and the tragedy which drives her to suicide, and which is brought about by the trivial accident of enclosing two letters in the wrong envelopes. As ever, Miss Brahms writes with a crisp vivacity and a wonderful sense of period, and has managed to decorate even the sombre lines of this plot with glitter and brilliance.

INVISIBLE MAN (Gollancz. 15s.) is an explosive, inchoate sort of first novel by Mr. Ralph Ellison, which has already made something of a sensation in the United States. Very briefly, the theme is the place of the Negro in society, and in American society in particular. The hero, a young Negro, is invisible, as he says, because of his race and colour, and he writes of his youth, his formative years and his manhood with a vitality and an amazing imagination that one rarely meets. The book is brutal, unexpurgated as far as one can see, occasionally incoherent. All in all, it is a most uncomfortable book, startling, authentic and often horrifying, with strange Kafka-like sequences and an irrepressible surge of words and imagery.

FAMILY ALBUM (Faber. 12s. 6d.) is, as its name implies, a domestic tale, but it is one with a difference, since its author, Antonia Ridge, writes of a middle-aged schoolteacher who decides one day to pack her traps and travel all the way to Nimes to search for members of her father's family. Although she has always lived in England, she is of half-French birth. Her father's name and hers is Durand, an ordinary enough name as it might be a Smith in England or an Evans in Wales.

The story has a quiet, commonsensical attraction, and it is not surprising to learn that it was at one time a very popular serial in the B.B.C.'s Woman's Hour.

Mr. David Davidson's high-spirited novel, IN ANOTHER COUNTRY (Falcon Press. 12s. 6d.), is rather fun in an inconsequential way, and correspondingly relaxing to read. The scene is London in 1932 and a boarding-house where a group of young people, including an American boy, are living, working and playing. I found it diverting and no effort at a

DEATH IN AMBUSH (Robert Hale. 9s. 6d.) is hardly as sensational as its title, but a sound detective story very much in the classic English tradition of country houses, sudden deaths in libraries and a list of very respectable suspects. Susan Gilruth writes with calm competence: her clues are well planted, the development of her plot logical, and the solution is by no means obvious. Altogether, a satisfying piece of work.

LASKI

Kingsley Martin's Portrait of a Man of Two Worlds

Somebody had to be first to write a life of Harold Laski, scholar, political philosopher, politician, orator, teacher, journalist and *eminence grise* of the Labour Party, and perhaps it is as well that the task has been undertaken by Kingsley Martin, a fellow-journalist of kindred sympathies; for the task bristled with difficulties, not least the fact that a man who lived essentially in the realm of ideas is not easily presented in a full-length biographical portrait, and that one round whom so much legend has accumulated cannot be seen in anything like true perspective until time has sifted the evidence. In HAROLD LASKI (Victor Gollancz. 21s.) Mr. Kingsley Martin has endeavoured to show Laski's influence in England, America, and, indeed, all over the world. Laski's pupils, those who sat at his feet at Oxford, in London, and in Harvard, were destined to become Ministers in many countries, and inevitably Laski's ideas on social justice penetrated far afield. The extent and the reality of this influence are beyond question, asserts Mr. Kingsley Martin. After the opening chapters, which deal with Laski's early life as the precocious son of a prosperous Manchester Jew, the distinguished Nathan Laski, of Cheetham Hill, his rebellious marriage and repudiation of Judaism, this biography divides itself into two clear-cut parts, the one dealing with Laski's work in England and the other with his work in America where, if anything, he was a better-known if not a better-understood figure. Like Lafayette, Laski was very much a man of two worlds. In the United States Laski was deeply conscious of the growing hysteria over Communism—and, indeed, over all holding Liberal or Socialistic views. A few weeks before he died he was talking to a former student who had sought his opinion about taking a permanent teaching post in the United States and seeking at the same time U.S. citizenship. "Do you know," he said slowly, "I could not bear to teach at an American college to-day if I did not know that there was always a ship at New York on which I could come home"—a tragically unflattering verdict after so many years spent in the brave New World. Perhaps the most abiding memory of Laski is the affection he aroused among those to whom he gave his friendship, men of the stature of Leon Blum and Felix Frankfurter, of the United States Supreme Court. It was Frankfurter who wrote in eloquent tribute to his thirty years' companionship with Laski: "Thank you. The days are moving fast when we 'll go out to sea. The days have been full and candid. What else matters?"

M. Sedillot, editor of *La Vie Française*, is not breaking fresh ground in presenting A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF FRENCH HISTORY (Harrap. 15s.), for this was done a decade ago in masterly style by Sir John Marriott, but he has achieved in this new volume the same majestic sweep as Sir John, allied to his own individual outlook, and the result is a history which many readers will feel inclined to devour at a sitting. With kings and battles, and all the conventional paraphernalia of history, M. Sedillot is not overmuch concerned, nor is he preoccupied with the shifts of politics; but we do see the trends and upheavals that brought about the French State as we know it to-day. M. Sedillot ends on a note of half-despair for his beloved France, drawing comfort, however, that 2,000 years have passed and France is not dead, that ten times she has been in measurable distance of vanishing under the threat of foreign pressure. It may well be, he says, that France will yet surprise the world not by the violence of her death-throes but by the glory of her resurrection.

In the National Library of Scotland there are 747 letters written by Thomas Carlyle to his wife. A few of these letters have been printed inaccurately and with omissions (not always indicated) by Froude in his biography of Carlyle, and a few more have appeared in other collections of Carlyle's letters, but for the most part this treasure-trove has lain untouched. Trudy Bliss, now coming to be recognised as the foremost authority on the Carlyles, presents THOMAS CARLYLE: LETTERS TO HIS WIFE (Gollancz. 25s.). These letters are full of human interest and give a very different impression of Carlyle, who was by no means the permanently bad-tempered individual of legend. They are full of tenderness, too, and comedy, sometimes unintended comedy, and, needless to say, gossip, for Carlyle was an incurable gossip and enjoyed writing to his tart-tongued and observant wife in the vein of small talk which he knew would be appreciated.

NEW EDITIONS: Marguerite Steen's THEY THAT GO DOWN (Falcon Press. 13s. 6d.) now makes a welcome reappearance. This vivid novel of the eighteenth century contains a thrilling description of the Battle of Trafalgar. Erskine Caldwell's A LAMP FOR NIGHTFALL (Falcon Press. 10s. 6d.) is a new addition to the uniform volumes of the work of this American author, whose books have held the imagination of the reading public for a generation. H. M. Tomlinson's appraisement of the late Norman Douglas, which was first published in 1931, now appears in revised form, with an additional 6,000 words written since the death of the distinguished author of *South Wind*. NORMAN DOUGLAS is published by Hutchinson at 7s. 6d. For the Crown Classics Muriel Spark presents A SELECTION OF POEMS BY EMILY BRONTË (Grey Walls Press. 4s. 6d.). Miss Spark has written an able introduction, in which she assesses some of the conflicting thought which has surrounded Emily Brontë's work.

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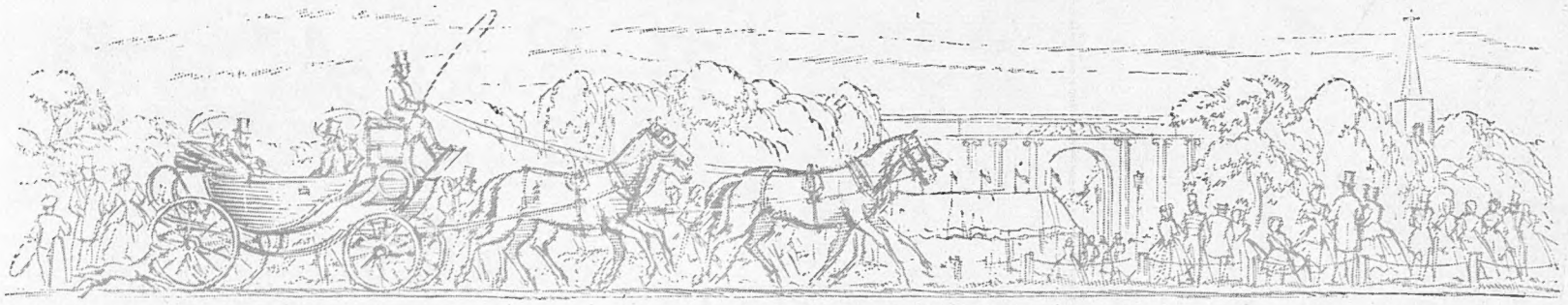

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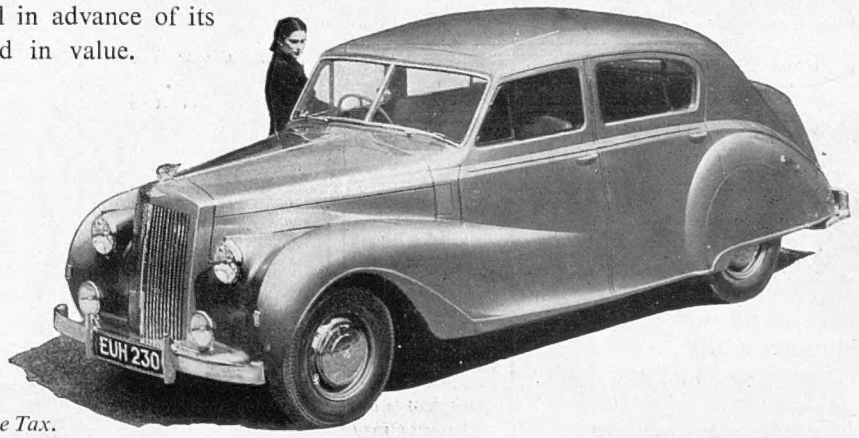

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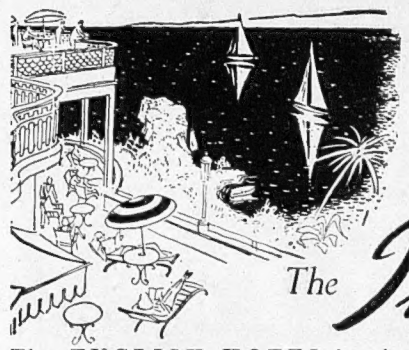

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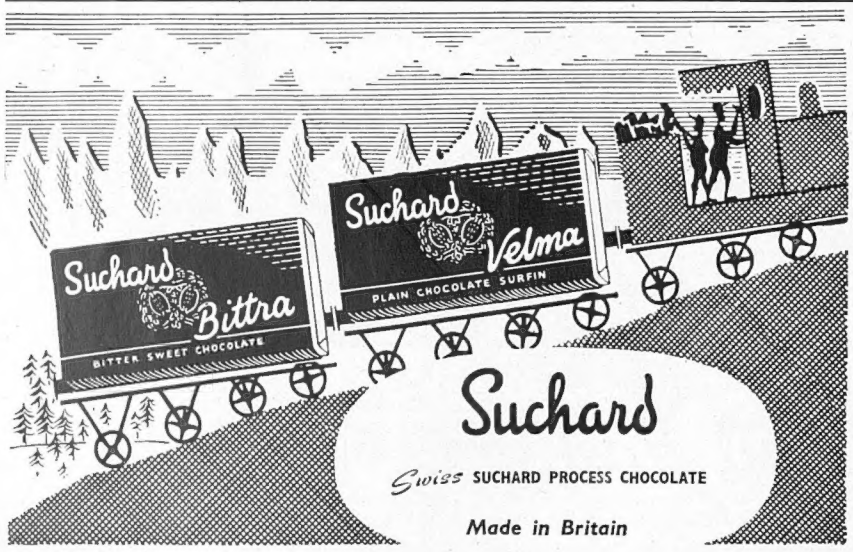

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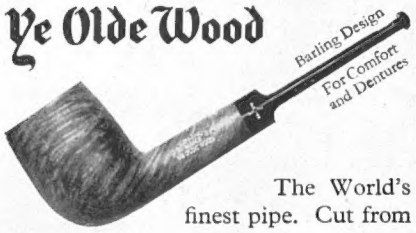

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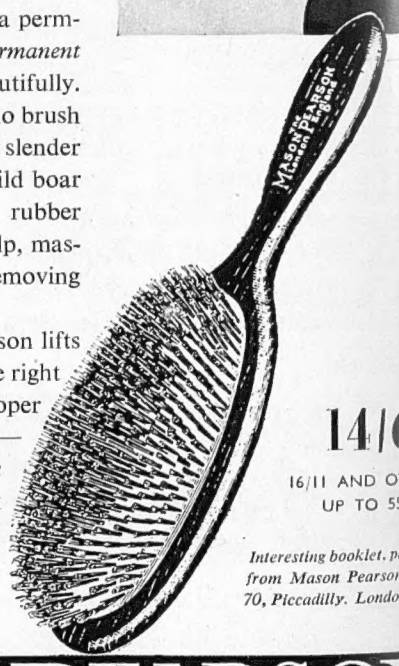

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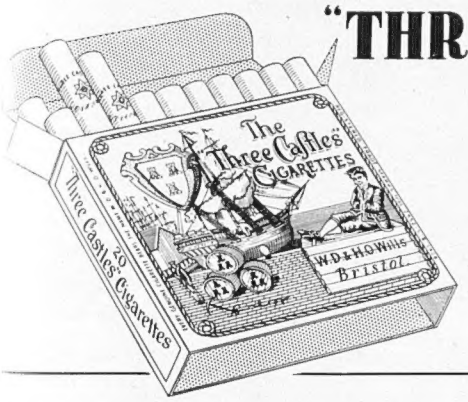

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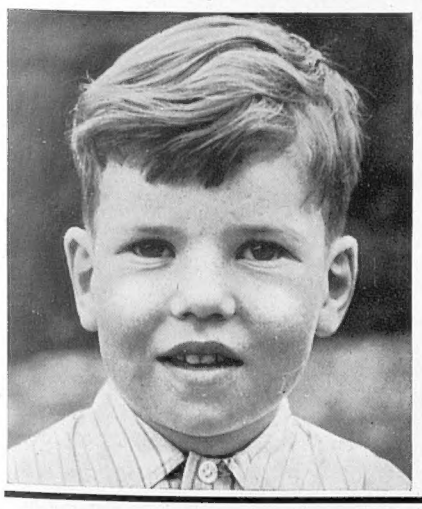

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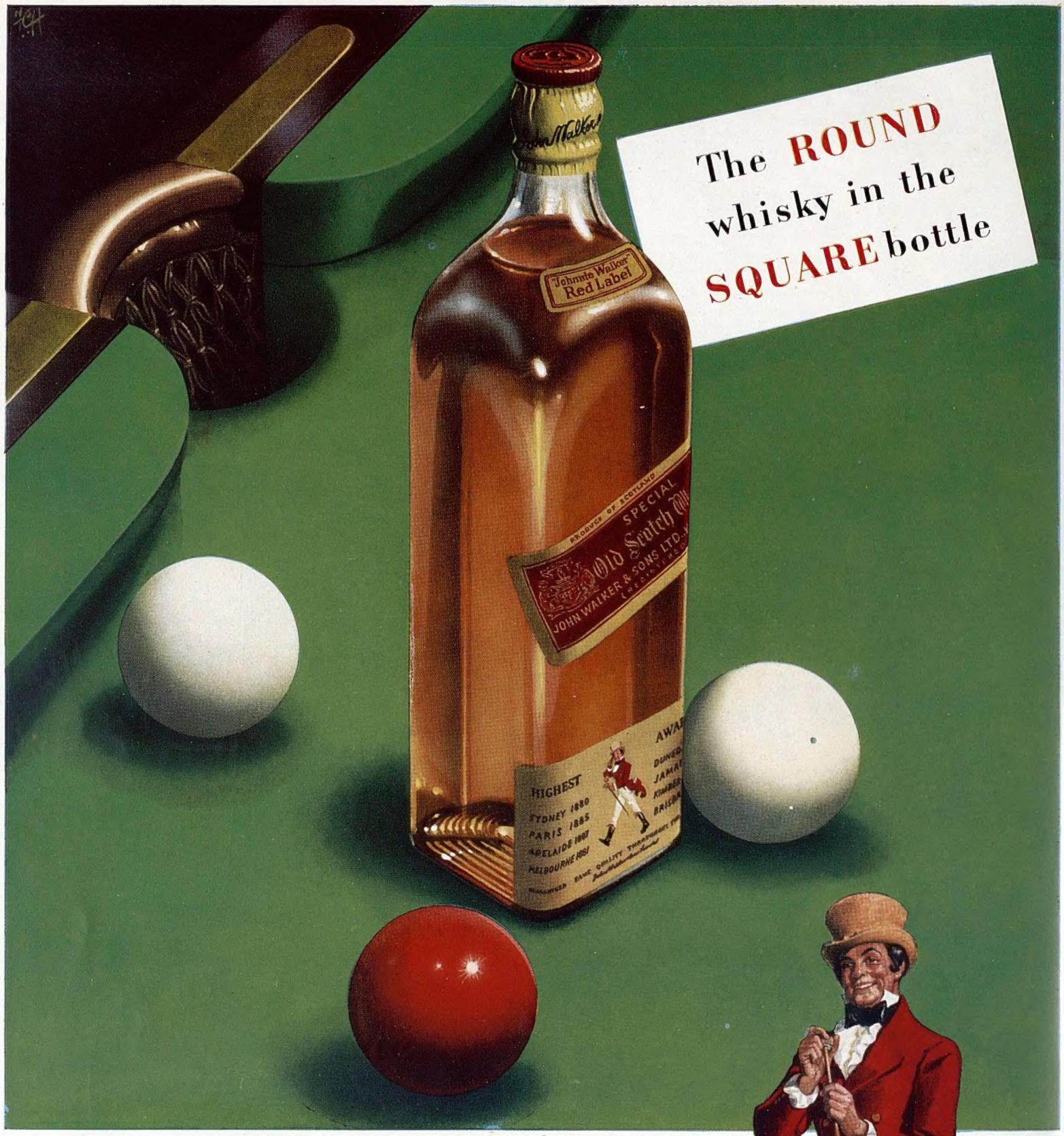

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